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GOLDSMITH.

Downward they move, a melancholy band.
Pass from the shore, & darken all the strand.

Deserted Village.

Drawn by H. Thomson R.A.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, Jr.

VOL. XXX.

GOLDSMITH, LANGHORNE, SMART.

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SELECT POEMS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE LIFE

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BORN 1728.—DIED 1774.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at a place called Pallas, in the parish of Ferney, and county of Longford, in Ireland. His father held the living of Kilkenny West, in the county of Westmeath. There was a tradition in the family, that they were descended from Juan Romeiro, a Spanish gentleman, who had settled in Ireland, in the sixteenth century, and had married a woman, whose name of Goldsmith was adopted by their descendants. Oliver was instructed in reading and writing by a schoolmaster in his father's parish, who had been a quarter-master in the wars of Queen Anne; and who, being fond of relating his adventures, is supposed to have communicated to the young mind of his pupil the romantic and wandering disposition which showed itself in his future years. He was next placed under the Rev. Mr. Griffin, schoolmaster of Elphin, and was received into the house of his father's brother, Mr. Goldsmith, of Ballyoughter. Some relations and friends of his uncle, who were met on a social party, happening to be struck with the sprightliness of Oliver's abilities, and knowing the narrow circumstances of his father, offered to

join in defraying the expense of giving him a liberal education. The chief contributor was the Rev. Thomas Contarine,* who had married our poet's aunt. He was accordingly sent, for some time, to the school of Athlone, and afterwards to an academy at Edgeworthstown, where he was fitted for the university. He was admitted a sizer of Trinity college, Dublin, in his fifteenth year, a circumstance which denoted remarkable proficiency; and, three years afterwards, was elected one of the exhibitioners on the foundation of Erasmus Smith. But though he occasionally distinguished himself by his translations from the classics, his general appearance at the university corresponded neither with the former promises, nor future development of his talents. He was, like Johnson, a lounger at the college-gate. He gained neither premiums nor a scholarship, and was not admitted to the degree of bachelor of arts till two years after the regular time. His backwardness, it would appear, was the effect of despair more than of wilful negligence. He had been placed under a savage tutor, named Theaker Wilder, who used to insult him at public examinations, and to treat his delinquencies with a ferocity that broke his spirit. On one occasion, poor Oliver was so imprudent as to invite a company of young people, of both sexes, to a dance and supper in his rooms. On receiving intelligence

* This benevolent man was descended from the noble family of the Contarini of Venice. His ancestor, having married a nun in his native country, was obliged to fly with her into France, where she died of the small-pox. Being pursued by ecclesiastical censures, Contarini came to England; but the puritanical manners, which then prevailed, having afforded him but a cold reception, he was on his way to Ireland, when, at Chester, he met with a young lady of the name of Chaloner, whom he married. Having afterwards conformed to the established church, he, through the interest of his wife's family, obtained ecclesiastical preferment in the diocese of Raphin. Their lineal descendant was the benefactor of Goldsmith.

of which, Theaker grimly repaired to the place of revelry, belaboured him before his guests, and rudely broke up the assembly. The disgrace of this inhuman treatment drove him for a time from the university. He set out from Dublin, intending to sail from Cork for some other country, he knew not whither; but, after wandering about till he was reduced to such famine, that he thought a handful of gray peas which a girl gave him at a wake, the sweetest repast he had ever tasted, he returned home, like the prodigal son, and matters were adjusted for his being received again at college.

About the time of his finally leaving the university his father died. His uncle Contarine, from whom he experienced the kindness of a father, wished him to have taken orders, and Oliver is said to have applied for them, but to have been rejected; though for what reason is not sufficiently known. He then accepted the situation of private tutor in a gentleman's family, and retained it long enough to save about 30*l.* with which he bought a tolerable horse, and went forth upon his adventures. At the end of six weeks, his friends, having heard nothing of him, concluded that he had left the kingdom, when he returned to his mother's house, without a penny, upon a poor little horse, which he called Fiddleback, and which was not worth more than twenty shillings. The account which he gave of himself was, that he had been at Cork, where he had sold his former horse, and paid his passage to America; but the ship happening to sail whilst he was viewing the curiosities of the city, he had just money enough left to purchase Fiddleback, and to reach the house of an old acquaintance on the road. This nominal friend, however, had received him very coldly; and, in order to evade his application for pecuniary relief, had advised him to sell his diminutive steed, and promised him another in its place, which should cost him nothing either for

price or provender. To confirm this promise, he pulled out an oaken staff from beneath a bed. Just as this generous offer had been made, a neighbouring gentleman came in, and invited both the miser and Goldsmith to dine with him. Upon a short acquaintance, Oliver communicated his situation to the stranger, and was enabled, by his liberality, to proceed upon his journey. This was his story. His mother, it may be supposed, was looking rather gravely upon her prudent child, who had such adventures to relate, when he concluded them by saying, "and now, my dear mother, having struggled so hard to come home to you, I wonder that you are not more rejoiced to see me." Mr. Contarine next resolved to send him to the Temple; but on his way to London he was fleeced of all his money in gaming, and returned once more to his mother's house in disgrace and affliction. Again was his good uncle reconciled to him, and equipped him for Edinburgh, that he might pursue the study of medicine.

On his arrival at Edinburgh he took lodgings, and sallied forth to take a view of the city; but, at a late hour, he recollected that he had omitted to inform himself of the name and address of his landlady; and would not have found his way back, if he had not fortunately met with the porter who had carried his luggage. After attending some courses of medical lectures at Edinburgh, he was permitted, by his uncle, to repair to Leyden, for the sake of finishing his studies, when his departure was accelerated by a debt, which he had contracted by becoming security for an acquaintance, and from the arrest attending which, he was only saved by the interference of a friend. If Leyden, however, was his object, he, with the usual eccentricity of his motions, set out to reach it by way of Bourdeaux, and embarked in a ship which was bound thither from Leith; but which was driven, by stress

of weather, into Newcastle upon Tyne. His fellow passengers were some Scotchmen, who had been employed in raising men in their own country for the service of the king of France. They were arrested, by orders from government, at Newcastle; and Goldsmith, who had been committed to prison with them, was not liberated till after a fortnight's confinement. By this accident, however, he was eventually saved from an early death. The vessel sailed during his imprisonment, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, where every soul on board perished.

On being released, he took shipping for Holland, and arrived at Leyden, where he continued about a twelvemonth, and studied chemistry and anatomy. At the end of that time, having exhausted his last farthing at the gaming table, and expended the greater part of a supply, which a friend lent him, in purchasing some costly Dutch flower roots, which he intended for a present to his uncle, he set out to make the tour of Europe on foot, unincumbered at least by the weight of his money. The manner in which he occasionally subsisted, during his travels, by playing his flute among the peasantry, and by disputing at the different universities, has been innumerable times repeated. In the last, and most authentic account of his life, the circumstance of his having ever been a travelling tutor is called in question. Assistance from his uncle must have reached him, as he remained for six months at Padua, after having traversed parts of Flanders, France, Germany, and Switzerland, in the last of which countries he wrote the first sketch of his "Traveller."

His uncle having died while he was in Italy, he was obliged to travel on foot through France to England, and arrived in London in extreme distress. He was for a short time usher in an academy, and was afterwards found and relieved, by his old

friend Dr. Sleigh, in the situation of a journeyman to a chemist. By his friend's assistanee he was enabled to take lodgings in the city, and endeavoured to establish himself in medieal praetiee. In this attempt he was unsuccessful; but through the interest of Dr. Milner, a dissenting elergyman, he obtained the appointment of a physician to one of the faetories in India; and, in order to defray the expense of getting thither, prepared to publish, by subscription, his 'Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe.' For some unknown reason, his appointment to India was dropped; and we find him, for seven or eight months, writing in Dr. Griffiths's Monthly Review, for a salary, and his board and lodging in the proprietor's house. Leaving this employment, he went into private lodgings, and finished his 'Enquiry into the State of Literature,' whieh was published in 1759. The rest of his history from this period becomes ehiefly that of his well-known works. His principal literary employments, previous to his raising himself into notiee by his poetry, were eonduеting the Lady's Magazine, writing a volume of essays, ealled 'the Bee,' 'Letters on English History,' 'Letters of a Citizen of the World,' and the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' Boswell has related the affeeting eireumstanees in whieh Dr. Johnson found poor Goldsmith, in lodgings at Wine-office eourt, Fleet-street, where he had finished the Viear of Wakefield, immured by bailiffs from without, and threatened with expulsion by his landlady from within. The sale of the novel for 60*l.* brought him present relief; and within a few years from that time, he emerged from his obseurity to the best society and literary distinetion. But whatever change of publie estimation he experieneed, the man was not to be altered, and he eontinued to exhibit a personal eharaeter, which was neither much reformed by experience, nor dignified by reputation. It is but

too well known, that with all his original and refined faculties, he was often the butt of witlings, and the dupe of impostors. He threw away his money at the gaming-table, and might also be said to be a losing gambler in conversation, for he aimed in all societies at being brilliant and argumentative; but generally chose to dispute on the subjects which he least understood, and contrived to forfeit as much credit for common sense as could be got rid of in colloquial intercourse. After losing his appointment to India, he applied to Lord Bute for a salary, to be enabled to travel into the interior of Asia. The petition was neglected, because he was then unknown. The same boon, however, or some adequate provision, might have been obtained for him afterwards, when he was recommended to the earl of Northumberland, at that time lord-lieutenant of Ireland. But when he waited on the earl, he threw away his prepared compliments on his lordship's steward, and then retrieved the mistake by telling the nobleman, (for whom he had meditated a courtly speech) that he had no confidence in the patronage of the great, but would rather rely upon the booksellers. There must have been something, however, with all his peculiarities, still endearing in his personal character. Burke was known to recal his memory with tears of affection in his eyes. It cannot be believed, that the better genius of his writings was always absent from his conversation. One may conceive graces of his spirit to have been drawn forth by Burke or Reynolds, which neither Johnson nor Garrick had the sensibility to appreciate.

For the last ten years of his life he lived in the Temple. He was one of the earliest members of the Literary Club. At the institution of the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds procured for him the honorary appointment of professor of ancient history. Many tributes, both of envy and respect,

were paid to his celebrity; among the latter, an address is preserved, which was sent to him as a public character, by the since celebrated Thomas Paine. Paine was at that time an officer of excise, and was the principal promoter of an application to parliament for increasing the salaries of excisemen. He had written a pamphlet on the subject, which he sent to Goldsmith, and solicited an interview, for the sake of interesting him farther in the scheme.

The three important eras of Goldsmith's literary life were those of his appearance as a novelist, a poet, and a dramatic writer. The 'Vicar of Wakefield' was finished in 1763, but was not printed till two years after, when his 'Traveller,' in 1765, had established his fame. The ballad of 'Edwin and Angelina,' came out in the following year, and in 1768 the appearance of his 'Good Natured Man' made a bold and happy change in the reigning fashion of comedy, by substituting merriment for insipid sentiment. His 'Deserted Village' appeared in 1769; and his second comedy, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' in 1773. At intervals, between those works, he wrote his 'Roman and English Histories,' besides biographies and introductions to books. These were all executed as tasks for the booksellers: but with a grace which no other man could give to task-work. His 'History of the Earth and Animated Nature' was the last, and most amusing, of these prose undertakings. In the mean time he had consumed more than the gains of all his labours by imprudent management, and had injured his health by occasional excesses of application. His debts amounted to 4000*l*. 'Was ever poet,' said Dr. Johnson, 'so trusted before?' To retrieve his finances, he contracted for new works to the booksellers, engaged to write comedies for both the theatres, and projected an 'Universal Dictionary of the Sciences.' But his labours were termi-

nated by a death not wholly unimputable to the imprudence which had pervaded his life. In a fever, induced by strangury and distress of mind, he made use of Dr. James's powders, under circumstances which he was warned would render them dangerous. The symptoms of his disease grew immediately more alarming, and he expired at the end of a few days, in his forty-sixth year.

His remains were privately interred in the Temple burial-ground, but afterwards, by a subscription raised among his friends, and chiefly by his brethren of the club, a marble monument was erected to his memory, in Westminster Abbey, with an inscription by Dr. Johnson, the history of which, the reader may find in Boswell's Life, where are likewise many curious traits of Goldsmith's character.

'He was,' adds his biographer, 'generous in the extreme, and so strongly affected by compassion, that he has been known at midnight to abandon his rest in order to procure relief and an asylum for a poor dying object, who was left destitute in the streets. Nor was there ever a mind whose general feelings were more benevolent and friendly. He is, however, supposed to have been often soured by jealousy or envy, and many little instances are mentioned of this tendency in his character: but whatever appeared of this kind was a mere momentary sensation, which he knew not how (like other men) to conceal: it was never the result of principle, or the suggestion of reflection; it never embittered his heart, nor influenced his conduct. Nothing could be more amiable than the general features of his mind: those of his person were not, perhaps, so engaging.

'His stature was under the middle size, his body strongly built, and his limbs more sturdy than elegant. His complexion was pale, his forehead low, his face almost round, and pitted with the small-pox, but marked with strong lines of think-

ing. His first appearance was not captivating; but when he grew easy and cheerful in company, he relaxed into such a display of good-humour, as soon removed every unfavourable impression.

'Yet it must be acknowledged, that in company he did not appear to so much advantage as might have been expected from his genius and talents. He was too apt to speak without reflection, and without a sufficient knowledge of the subject: which made Johnson observe of him—'No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had.' Indeed, with all his defects, (to conclude nearly in the words of that great critic) 'as a writer, he was of the most distinguished abilities. Whatever he composed, he did it better than any other man could. And whether we consider him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian, (so far as regards his powers of composition,) he was one of the first writers of his time, and will ever stand in the foremost class.'

Goldsmith's poetry enjoys a calm and steady popularity. It inspires us, indeed, with no admiration of daring design, or of fertile invention; but it presents, within its narrow limits, a distinct and unbroken poetical delightfulness. His descriptions and sentiments have the pure zest of nature. He is refined without false delicacy, and correct without insipidity. Perhaps there is an intellectual composure in his manner, which may, in some passages, be said to approach to the reserved and prosaic; but he unbends from this graver strain of reflection, to tenderness, and even to playfulness, with an ease and grace almost exclusively his own; and connects extensive views of the happiness and interests of society, with pictures of life, that touch the heart by their familiarity. His language is certainly simple, though it is not cast in a rugged or careless mould. He is no disciple of the gaunt and famished school of simplicity. Deliberately as

he wrote, he cannot be accused of wanting natural and idiomatic expression; but still it is select and refined expression. He uses the ornaments which must always distinguish true poetry from prose; and when he adopts colloquial plainness, it is with the utmost care and skill, to avoid a vulgar humility. There is more of this sustained simplicity, of this chaste economy and choice of words in Goldsmith, than in any modern poet, or, perhaps, than would be attainable or desirable as a standard for every writer of rhyme. In extensive narrative poems, such a style would be too difficult. There is a noble propriety even in the careless strength of great poems as in the roughness of castle walls; and, generally speaking, where there is a long course of story, or observation of life to be pursued, such exquisite touches as those of Goldsmith would be too costly materials for sustaining it. But let us not imagine that the serene graces of this poet were not admirably adapted to his subjects. His poetry is not that of impetuous, but of contemplative sensibility; of a spirit breathing its regrets and recollections, in a tone that has no dissonance with the calm of philosophical reflection. He takes rather elevated speculative views of the causes of good and evil in society; at the same time, the objects which are most endeared to his imagination are those of a familiar and simple interest; and the domestic affections may be said to be the only genii of his romance. The tendency towards abstracted observation in his poetry agrees peculiarly with the compendious form of expression which he studied;* whilst the homefelt joys, on which his

* There is, perhaps, no couplet in English rhyme more perspicuously condensed than those two lines of the 'Traveller,' in which he describes the once flattering, vain, and happy character of the French.

'They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.'

fancy loved to repose, required at once the chastest and sweetest colours of language, to make them harmonize with the dignity of a philosophical poem. His whole manner has a still depth of feeling and reflection, which gives back the image of nature unruffled and minutely. He has no redundant thoughts, or false transports; but seems, on every occasion, to have weighed the impulse to which he surrendered himself. Whatever ardour or casual felicities he may have thus sacrificed, he gained a high degree of purity and self-possession. His chaste pathos makes him an insinuating moralist, and throws a charm of Claude-like softness over his descriptions of homely objects, that would seem only fit to be the subjects of Dutch painting. But his quiet enthusiasm leads the affections to humble things, without a vulgar association; and he inspires us with a fondness to trace the simplest recollections of Auburn, till we count the furniture of its ale-house, and listen to the 'varnished clock that clicked behind the door.'

He betrays so little effort to make us visionary by the usual and palpable fictions of his art; he keeps apparently so close to realities, and draws certain conclusions, respecting the radical interests of man, so boldly and decidedly, that we pay him a compliment, not always extended to the tuneful tribe, that of judging his sentiments by their strict and logical interpretation. In thus judging him by the test of his philosophical spirit, I am not prepared to say, that he is a purely impartial theorist. He advances general positions, respecting the happiness of society, founded on limited views of truth, and under the bias of local feelings. He contemplates only one side of the question. It must be always thus in poetry. Let the mind be ever so tranquilly disposed to reflection, yet if it retains poetical sensation, it will embrace only those speculative opinions that fall in with the tone of the im-

agination. Yet I am not disposed to consider his principles as absurd, or his representations of life as the mere reveries of fancy.

In the 'Deserted Village' he is an advocate for the agricultural, in preference to the commercial prosperity of a nation; and he pleads for the blessings of the simpler state, not with the vague predilection for the country which is common to poets, but with an earnestness that professes to challenge our soberest belief. Between Rousseau's celebrated letter on the influence of the sciences, and this popular poem, it will not be difficult to discover some resemblance of principles. They arrive at the same conclusions against luxury; the one from contemplating the ruins of a village, and the other from reviewing the downfal of empires. But the English poet is more moderate in his sentiments than the philosopher of Geneva: he neither stretches them to such obvious paradox, nor involves them in so many details of sophistry; nor does he blaspheme all philosophy and knowledge in pronouncing a malediction on luxury. Rousseau is the advocate of savageness, Goldsmith only of simplicity. Still, however, his theory is adverse to trade, and wealth, and arts. He delineates their evils, and disdains their vaunted benefits. This is certainly not philosophical neutrality; but a neutral balancing of arguments would have frozen the spirit of poetry. We must consider him as a pleader on that side of the question, which accorded with the predominant state of his heart; and, considered in that light, he is the poetical advocate of many truths. He revisits a spot consecrated by his earliest and tenderest recollections; he misses the bloomy flush of life, which had marked its once busy, but now depopulated scenes; he beholds the inroads of monopolizing wealth, which had driven the peasant to emigration; and, tracing the sources of the evil to 'Trade's proud empire,' which has

so often proved a transient glory, and an enervating good, he laments the state of society, 'where wealth accumulates and men decay.' Undoubtedly, counter-views of the subject might have presented themselves, both to the poet and philosopher. The imagination of either might have contemplated, in remote perspective, the replenishing of empires beyond the deep, and the diffusion of civilized existence, as eventual consolations of futurity, for the present sufferings of emigration. But those distant and cold calculations of optimism would have been wholly foreign to the tone and subject of the poem. It was meant to fix our patriotic sympathy on an innocent and suffering class of the community, to refresh our recollections of the simple joys, the sacred and strong local attachments, and all the manly virtues of rustic life. Of such virtues the very remembrance is by degrees obliterated in the breasts of a commercial people. It was meant to rebuke the luxurious and selfish spirit of opulence, which, imitating the pomp and solitude of feudal abodes, without their hospitality and protection, surrounded itself with monotonous pleasure grounds, which indignantly 'spurned the cottage from the green.'

On the subject of those mis-named improvements, by the way, in which

> 'Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
> 'Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,'

the possessors themselves of those places have not been always destitute of compunctions similar to the sentiments of the poet. Mr. Potter, in his 'Observations on the Poor Laws,' has recorded an instance of it. 'When the late Earl of Leicester was complimented upon the completion of his great design at Holkham, he replied, "It is a melancholy thing to stand alone in one's country. I look round, not a house is to be seen but mine.

I am the Giant of Giant Castle; and have eat up all my neighbours".'

Although Goldsmith has not examined all the points and bearings of the question suggested by the changes in society which were passing before his eyes, he has strongly and affectingly pointed out the immediate evils with which those changes were pregnant. Nor, while the picture of Auburn delights the fancy, does it make an useless appeal to our moral sentiments. It may be well sometimes that society, in the very pride and triumph of its improvement, should be taught to pause and look back upon its former steps; to count the virtues that have been lost, or the victims that have been sacrificed by its changes. Whatever may be the calculations of the poetical economist as to ultimate effects, the circumstance of agricultural wealth being thrown into large masses, and of the small farmer exiled from his scanty domain, foreboded a baneful influence on the independent character of the peasantry, which it is by no means clear that subsequent events have proved to be either slight or imaginary.

Pleasing as Goldsmith is, it is impossible to ascribe variety to his poetical character; and Dr. Johnson has justly remarked something of an echoing resemblance of tone and sentiment between the 'Traveller' and 'Deserted Village.' But the latter is certainly an improvement on its predecessor. The field of contemplation in the 'Traveller' is rather desultory. The other poem has an endearing locality, and introduces us to beings with whom the imagination contracts an intimate friendship. Fiction, in poetry, is not the reverse of truth, but her soft and enchanted resemblance; and this ideal beauty of nature has been seldom united with so much sober fidelity as in the groups and scenery of the 'Deserted Village.'

THE

TRAVELLER:

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

(FIRST PRINTED IN 1765.)

TO THE

REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned, to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from

pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh; the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes ever after the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse, to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to show, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own: that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am,

DEAR SIR,

Your most affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;

Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;

And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows bless'd.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, is ever at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations make their blessings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content:
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails;

Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone:
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here, for awhile, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends:
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride:
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With memorable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
What ever blooms in torrid tracts appear
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.

Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unman'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade:
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tottering in decay,

There in the ruin heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword:
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loth his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;

While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And, haply too, some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And ev'n those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure, when repress'd:
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfan'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;

For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest:
But all the gentler morals, such as play [way;
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain:
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew:
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here:
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or ev'n imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land:

From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avariee of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all eternal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unbless'd,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Henee ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise whieh fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimaee,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper laee;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily eheer,
To boast one splendid banquet onee a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad oeean leans against the land,
And sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm eonneeted bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent oeean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the eultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the natives to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heav'ns! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind;
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,

Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control,
While ev'n the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bless'd indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd ev'n by Freedom ills annoy;
That independence Britains prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore;
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote, for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!

And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun;
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think, must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse me with that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal pow'r;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useless sons exchang'd for useless ore?

Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, long frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where Wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

Ev'n now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beast with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above with giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows!
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown,* and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

* In the 'Respublica Hungarica,' there is an account of a desperate rebellion in the year 1514, headed by two brothers, George and Luke Zeck. When it was quelled, *George*, not *Luke*, was punished by his head being encircled with a red hot iron crown. Mr. Boswell pointed out Goldsmith's mistake.

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

(FIRST PRINTED IN 1769.)

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only declaration I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire: but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what

I have written; that I have taken all possible pains in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not; the discussion would take up much room; and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am,

DEAR SIR,

Your sincere friend,

and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please:
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round,
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd.

The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O bless'd retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptation try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the blooming flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the splashing spring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village-preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;

Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt the new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heav'n.

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village-master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran, that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: the very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour-splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door:
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first born-sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards ev'n beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band:
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade; [play,
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps dis-
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;

Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy! [eyes
Are these thy serious thoughts!—Ah, turn thine
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue, fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
show'r,
With heavy heart implores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn! thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around:
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;

Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.
Good Heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own:
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sap'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade!
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride:
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.
Farewell! and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side;
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the' inclement clime;

Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE

HERMIT.

A BALLAD.

(FIRST PRINTED IN THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, 1765.)

THE

FOLLOWING LETTER,

ADDRESSED TO

THE PRINTER OF THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE,

Appeared in that Paper in June, 1767.

SIR,

As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, because I thought the book was a good one; and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published; but in that, it seems, I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad, I published some time ago, from one* by the ingenious Mr. Percy† I do not

* 'The Friar of Orders Gray,' in Reliques of Ane. Poetry.
† Since Dean of Carlisle and Bishop of Dromore.

think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy, some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me, with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakspeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little *cento*, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarce worth printing; and were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

HERMIT.

'Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

'For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.'

'Forbear, my son, (the hermit cries)
To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

'Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

'No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that Power who pities me,
I learn to pity them:

'But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trim'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppress'd:
'And whence, unhappy youth, (he cried)
The sorrows of thy breast?

'From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep!

'And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

'For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,' he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.

'And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn (she cried)
Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.

'But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

'My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came,
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

'In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

'The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

'For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn
In secret, where he died.

'But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

'And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.'

'Forbid it, Heaven!' the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair-one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

'No, never, from this hour to part,
We'll live, and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

THE

HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE.

First printed in 1765.

THANKS, my lord, for your ven'son, for finer or fatter
Ne'er rang'd in a forest, or smok'd on a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The white was so white, and the red was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thoughts, in my chamber to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtû:
As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce
This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce;
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest, in my turn,
It's a truth, and your lordship may ask Mr. Burne.*
To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undress'd,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best;

* Lord Clare's nephew.

Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monro's:
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and
the when. [Hiff
There's Cooley, and Williams, and Howard, and
I think they love ven'son—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins—oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets that seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them it would look like a flirt,
Like sending 'em ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend (as he call'd himself) en-
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he, [ter'd;
Who smil'd as he gaz'd at the ven'son and me.
'What have we got here?—Why, this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose, or is it in waiting?'
'Why whose should it be, sir?' (cried I with a
flounce)
I get these things often'—but that was a bounce:
'Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation.'
'If that be the case then, (cried he, very gay,)
I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
We'll have Johnson and Burke; all the wits will be
there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
We wanted this ven'son to make out a dinner.
I'll take no denial:—it shall and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.

Here, porter—this ven'son with me to Mile-End;
No words, my dear Goldsmith—my friend—my dear friend!'
Thus, snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.
Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And 'nobody with me at sea but myself;'*
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good ven'son pasty,
Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
Though clog'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.
When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair-lumber'd closet, just twelve feet by nine)
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
With tidings that Johnson and Burke could not come;
'And I knew it, (he cried) both eternally fail,
The one at the House, and the other with Thrale.
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scothman, the other a Jew,
Who dabble and write in the papers, like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.'
While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
They enter'd; and dinner was serv'd as they came.
At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen;

* See the letters that passed between his Royal Highness Henry Duke of Cumberland and Lady Grosvenor, in 1769.

At the sides there were spinage and pudding made hot;
In the middle, a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round;
But what vex'd me most, was that d——'d Scottish rogue, [brogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his
And, 'Madam, (quoth he) may this bit be my poison
If a prettier dinner I ever set eyes on;
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst.'
'The tripe, (quoth the Jew) if the truth I may speak,
I could eat of this tripe seven days in a week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all.'
'O—ho! (quoth my friend) he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:
There's a pasty'—'A pasty! (repeated the Jew)
I don't care if I keep a corner for't too.'
'What the de'il, mon, a pasty!' (re-echo'd the Scot)
Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for thot.'
'We'll all keep a corner,' the lady cried out!
'We'll all keep a corner,' was echoed about.
While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid;
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Wak'd Priam, in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out (for who could mistake her?) [baker;
That she came with some terrible news from the

And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty, on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now, that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplac'd,
To send such good verses to one of your taste:
You've got an odd something—a kind of discern-
ing—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;
At least it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake and think slightly of this.

RETALIATION.

(FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1774.)

[Dr. Goldsmith *and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for* Retaliation; *and at their next meeting produced the following poem.*]

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united.
If our landlord* supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the
best dish:

* The master of St. James's coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, occasionally dined.

Our Dean* shall be ven'son, just fresh from the plains,
Our Burke† shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains,
Our Will‡ shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And Dick§ with his pepper shall heighten the savour,
Our Cumberland's‖ sweetbread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas¶ is pudding, substantial and plain:
Our Garrick's** a sallad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am
That Ridge†† is anchovy, and Reynolds‡‡ is lamb;
That Hickey's§§ a capon, and by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;

* Dr. Bernard, Dean of Derry in Ireland.

† Edmund Burke, Esq. the celebrated orator.

‡ Mr. William Burke, secretary to General Conway.

§ Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

‖ Richard Cumberland, Esq. author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lover, The Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

¶ Dr. Douglas, Canon of Windsor, and Bishop of Salisbury, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary forgeries of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

** David Garrick, Esq. the Roscius of England.

†† Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

‡‡ Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy.

§§ An eminent attorney.

Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.
Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least, in six weeks I could not find them out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.
Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind:
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat [vote;
To persuade Tommy Townshend* to lend him a
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.
Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;

* Mr. T. Townshend, Member for Whitchurch: afterwards created Viscount Sydney.

Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were
his own. [sigh at;
Here lies honest Richard,* whose fate I must
Alas! that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick, [Nick;
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine:
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,

* Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?
Here Douglas retires, from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines.
When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds* shall be pious, our Kenricks† shall lecture;
Macpherson‡ write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countrymen living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchmen meet Scotchmen, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man:
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.

* The Rev. Dr. Dodd, preacher at the Magdalen.

† Dr. Kenrick read lectures at the Devil-tavern, under the title of 'The School of Shakspeare.'

‡ James Macpherson, Esq. from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity, Homer.

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys,* and Woodfalls† so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will; [love,
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relished a bumper:
Yet one fault he had, and that was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer, no, no; for he always was wiser:

* Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of False Delicacy, Word to the Wise, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.

† Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle.

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that:
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah no! [ye,—
Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind:
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing; [stuff,
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and
He shifted his trumpet,* and only took snuff.

POSTSCRIPT.

[*After the fourth edition of this Poem was printed, the Publisher received the following Epitaph on Mr. Whitefoord,† from a friend of the late Dr. Goldsmith.*]

Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a grave man:‡
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;

* Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf, as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

† Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays.

‡ Mr. W. is so notorious a punster, that Dr. Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill:
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so liberal a mind
Should so long be to newspaper-essays confin'd!
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content 'if the table he set in a roar:'
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall* confessed him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!
Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross-readings, *ship-news*, and *mistakes of the press*.†

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit:
This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse,
'Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd muse'‡

* Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

† Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humourous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

‡ A line nearly taken from Rochester's character of Charles, earl of Dorset.

THE

DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

Secluded from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.
  Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arriv'd at thirty-six?
O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town;
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop!
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze;
Oh!——but let exclamation cease;
Her presence banish'd all his peace:
So with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.
  Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms:
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And, though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew;
The second brought its transports too;
A third, a fourth, were not amiss;
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:
But when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle;
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy nightcaps wrapt head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain-lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee:
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations.
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were past between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown:

He fancies every vice she shows,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose;
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes;
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz;
And though her fops are wondrous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless pow'r
Withers the beauty's transient flow'r,
Lo! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her pastes and creams
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And e'en the captain quit the field.
Poor madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old;

With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean:
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day:
Serenely gay and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

Logicians have but ill defin'd,
As rational, the human mind;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione preditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em:
And must in spite of them maintain
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature:
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute;

Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court;
They never to the levee go,
To treat as dearest friend a foe;
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob;*
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Paternoster-row:
No jugglers, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupedes;
No single brute his fellow leads;
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape.
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion:
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the minister of state:
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators;
At court, the porters, lackeys, waiters,

* Sir Robert Walpole.

Their masters' manners still contract,
And footmen lords and dukes can act;
Thus at the court, both great and small
Behave alike—for all ape all.

A NEW SIMILE,

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

Long had I sought in vain to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind:
The modern scribbling kind, who write
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite:
Till reading (I forget what day on)
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair;
But let us not proceed too furious;
First please to turn to god Mercurius:
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the second, page the tenth:
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather? very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bards decreed;
A just comparison—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes;

Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air:
And here my simile unites,
For, in a modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe to' observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-incircled wand;
By classic authors term'd Caduceus;
And highly fam'd for several uses:
To wit—most wondrously endu'd,
No poppy water half so good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore:
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then:
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twin'd
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike too both conduce to sleep.
This difference only, as the god
Drove souls to Tartarus with his rod,
With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
Moreover, Mercury had a failing:
Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;

In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he:
But e'en this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

DESCRIPTION

OF

AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

(*From the Citizen of the World.*)

Where the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champaign
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug;
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal game of Goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the Royal Martyr drew;
The Seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave Prince William show'd his lamp-black face:
The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:

With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board;
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night——a stocking all the day!

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers,
To tell them the reason why asses had ears?
'An't please you, (quoth John) I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be sav'd! without thinking on Asses.'

Edinburgh, 1753.

AN ELEGY

ON

THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

(From the Vicar of Wakefield).

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Isling-town there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they ly'd;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

AN ELEGY

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,

MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
  Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
  From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
  And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
  Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
  With manners wondrous winning,
And never follow'd wicked ways
  Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and sattins new,
  With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew—
  But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
  By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her—
  When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
  Her hangers-on cut short-all;
The doctors found, when she was dead,
  Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent street well may say,
That, had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,—
She had not died to-day.

ON

A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH,

STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

Imitated from the Spanish.

Sure 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity, than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

THE GIFT.

TO

IRIS, IN BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

Say, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em;
If gems of gold, impart a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
Or rose-bud more in fashion;
Such short-liv'd offerings but disclose
A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.*

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

(FROM THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.)

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray;
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is, to die!

* These verses appear to be imitated from the French of Grecourt, a witty but grossly indecent writer.

LINES

ATTRIBUTED TO

DR. GOLDSMITH,

And inserted in the Morning Chronicle of April 3, 1800.

E'EN have you seen, bath'd in the morning dew,
The budding rose its infant bloom display;
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
It shrinks, and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.

So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek;
I gaz'd, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion weak.

SONG,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF 'SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.'

AH me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion discover;
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

*SONG.**

Weeping, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to every gay delight;
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
Fears the' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection!
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear.

FROM

THE ORATORIO

OF

THE CAPTIVITY.

SONG.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still, on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

* Closely copied from a madrigal by St. Pavier.

SONG.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.

Thou, like the world, the' oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

STANZAS

ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

Oh, Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes;
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead,
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

EPITAPH

ON THE REV. DR. PARNELL.

This tomb, inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way!
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPITAPH

ON EDWARD PURDON.*

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world—
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

* This person was educated at Trinity college, Dublin; but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's Henriade. Goldsmith's epitaph is nearly a translation from a little piece of De Cailly's, called *La mort du Sire Estienne.*

A

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN

BY THE POET LABERIUS,

A ROMAN KNIGHT,

WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

*Preserved by Macrobius.**

What! no way left to shun the' inglorious stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age!
Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,
What in the name of dotage drives me here?
A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;
Unaw'd by power, and unappal'd by fear,
With honest thrift I held my honour dear:
But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honour is no more;
For, ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine;
Him I obey, whom Heaven himself obeys,
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
Here then at once I welcome every shame,
And cancel at threescore a life of fame;
No more my titles shall my children tell,
The old buffoon will fit my name as well;
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

* This translation was first printed in one of Goldsmith's earliest works. 'The present state of Learning in Europe,' 12mo. 1759.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF ZOBEIDE.

In these bold times, when Learning's sons explore
The distant climates, and the savage shore;
When wise *astronomers* to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
While *botanists*, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling;
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With Scythian stores and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading—
Yet, ere he lands, has order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven! our reck'ning sure is lost!
This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.
Lord! what a sultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder:
[*Upper gallery.*
There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen
'em— [*Pit.*
Here trees of stately size—and billing turtles in
'em— [*Balconies.*
Here ill-condition'd oranges abound— [*Stage.*
And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground:
[*Tasting them.*
The' inhabitants are cannibals I fear:
I heard a hissing—there are serpents here!
O, there the people are—best keep my distance;
Our captain (gentle natives) craves assistance;
Our ship's well-stor'd—in yonder creek we've laid
His honour is no mercenary trader. [her,

This is his first adventure; lend him aid,
And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.
His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,
Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What, no reply to promises so ample?
—I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

MR. LEE LEWES. IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN, AT HIS BENEFIT.

Hold! prompter, hold! a word before your nonsense;
I'd speak a word or two to ease my conscience.
My pride forbids it ever should be said,
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a pyeball vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.
[*Takes off his mask.*
Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth;
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursued!
Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses;
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
Whilst from below the trap-door demons rise,
And from above the dangling deities.
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do!
No—I will act—I'll vindicate the stage:
Shakspeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.

Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns!
The maddening monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
Give me another horse!—bind up my wounds!—
soft—'twas but a dream.
Aye, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreat-
If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating. [ing;
'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,
Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
And cavill'd at his image in the flood: [shanks,
'The deuce confound,' he cries, 'these drumstick
They neither have my gratitude nor thanks:
They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!
But for a head—yes, yes, I have a head.
How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!
My horns!—I'm told horns are the fashion now.'
Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd! to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew.
Hoicks! hark forward! came thundering from be-
He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind: [hind,
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
At length his silly head, so priz'd before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore;
Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he saves himself, like me.
[*Taking a jump through the stage door.*

EPILOGUE

TO MRS. CHARLOTTE LENOX'S

COMEDY OF 'THE SISTERS.' 1769.

What! five long acts—and all to make us wiser!
Our authoress sure has wanted an adviser.

Had she consulted me, she should have made
Her moral play a speaking masquerade;
Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking;
Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of thinking.
Well, since she thus has shown her want of skill,
What if I give a masquerade?—I will.
But how? aye, there's the rub! [*pausing*]—I've got my cue:
The world's a masquerade! the masquers, you, you, you. [*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*
Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses!
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses,
Statesmen with bridles on; and, close beside 'em,
Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride 'em.
There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.
These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.
Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman;
The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem every thing but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
Who seems to' have robb'd his vizor from the lion;
Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round parade,
Looking, as who should say, damme! who's afraid?
Strip but this vizor off, and sure I am [*Mimicking.*
You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state;

Yet, when he deigns his real shape to' assume,
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
And seems to every gazer all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man's in black!
Yon critic, too—but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
Well, then, a truce, since she requests it too:
Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

EPILOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

'SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER,' 1772.

Well, having 'stoop'd to conquer' with success,
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
Still as a Bar-maid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquer'd him to conquer you:
And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty Bar-maids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, compos'd to please,
'We have our exits and our entrances.'
The first act shows the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of every thing afraid;
Blushes when hired, and with unmeaning action,
'I hopes as how to give you satisfaction.'
Her second act displays a livelier scene,—
The' unblushing Bar-maid of a country inn,
Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.

Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
The chop-house toast of ogling connoisseurs:
On 'Squires and Cits she there displays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts—
And as she smiles, her triumphs to complete,
Even Common-Councilmen forget to eat.
The fourth act shows her wedded to the 'Squire,
And Madam now begins to hold it higher;
Pretends to taste, at Operas cries *caro;*
And quits her Nancy Dawson, for Che Faro;
Doats upon Dancing, and in all her pride,
Swims round the room, the Heinel of Cheapside:
Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
Till having lost in age the power to kill,
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
Such, through our lives the' eventful history—
The fifth and last act still remains for me.
The Bar-maid now for your protection prays,
Turns Female-Barrister, and pleads for Bayes.

AN EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN AND SUNG BY

MRS. BULKLEY AND MISS CATLEY.

Enter Mrs. Bulkley, who curtsies very low as beginning to speak. Then enter Miss Catley, who stands full before her, and curtsies to the audience.

Mrs. Bulkley. Hold, Ma'am, your pardon. What's your business here?

Miss Catley. The epilogue.

Mrs. Bulk. The epilogue?

Miss Catl. Yes, the epilogue, my dear.

Mrs. Bulk. Sure you mistake, Ma'am. The epilogue, *I* bring it. [*me* sing it.
Miss Catl. Excuse me, Ma'am. The author bid

RECITATIVE.

Ye beaux and belles, that form this splendid ring,
Suspend your conversation while I sing.
Mrs. Bulk. Why, sure, the Girl's beside herself: an epilogue of singing,
A hopeful end indeed to such a bless'd beginning.
Besides, a singer in a comic set!
Excuse me, Ma'am; I know the etiquette.
Miss Catl. What if we leave it to the House?
Mrs. Bulk. The House!—Agreed.
Mis Catl. Agreed. [proceed.
Mrs. Bulk. And she, whose party's largest, shall
And first I hope, you'll readily agree
I've all the critics and the wits for me.
They, I am sure, will answer my commands.
Ye candid-judging few, hold up your hands:
What, no return? I find too late, I fear,
That modern judges seldom enter here. [trade is
Miss Catl. I'm for a different set—Old men, whose
Still to gallant and dangle with the ladies.

RECITATIVE.

Who mump their passion, and who, grimly smiling,
Still thus address the fair, with voice beguiling.

AIR—COTILLON.

Turn, my fairest, turn, if ever
Strephon caught thy ravish'd eye:
Pity take on your swain so clever,
Who without your aid must die.
Yes, I shall die, hu, hu, hu, hu,
Yes, I must die, ho, ho, ho, ho.

Da capo.

Mrs. Bulk. Let all the old pay homage to your merit:
Give me the young, the gay, the men of spirit.
Ye travell'd tribe, ye macaroni-train,
Of French friseurs, and nosegays, justly vain,
Who take a trip to Paris once a year,
To dress, and look like awkward Frenchmen here,
Lend me your hands.—O fatal news to tell,
Their hands are only lent to the Heinelle. [indeed!

Miss Catl. Ay, take your travellers, travellers
Give me my bonny Scot, that travels from the Tweed.
Where are the cheels? Ah, ah, I well discern
The smiling looks of each bewitching bairn:
A bonny young lad is my Jockey.

AIR.

I'll sing to amuse you by night and by day,
And be unco merry when you are but gay;
When you with your bagpipes are ready to play,
My voice shall be ready to carol away,
With Sandy, and Sawney, and Jockey,
With Sawney, and Jarvie, and Jockey.

Mrs. Bulk. Ye gamesters, who so eager in pur- [suit,
Make but of all your fortune one *va toute:*
Ye jockey tribe, whose stock of words are few,
'I hold the odds—Done, done, with you, with you:'
Ye barristers, so fluent with grimace,
'My lord—your lordship misconceives the case:'
Doctors, who cough and answer every misfortuner,
'I wish I'd been call'd in a little sooner:'
Assist my cause with hands and voices hearty,
Come end the contest here, and aid my party,

AIR—BALEINAMONY.

Miss Catl. Ye brave Irish lads, hark away to the crack.
Assist me, I pray, in this woeful attack;

For sure I don't wrong you, you seldom are slack,
When the ladies are calling, to blush and hang back:
For you're always polite and attentive,
Still to amuse us inventive,
And death is your only preventive:
Your hands and your voices for me.

Mrs. Bulk. Well, Madam, what if after all this sparring,
We both agree, like friends, to end our jarring?

Miss Catl. And that our friendship may remain unbroken
What if we leave the epilogue unspoken?

Mrs. Bulk. Agreed.

Miss Catl. Agreed.

Mrs. Bulk. And now, with late repentance,
Un-epilogued the Poet waits his sentence:
Condemn the stubborn fool who can't submit
To thrive by flattery, though he starves by wit.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

INTENDED FOR MRS. BULKLEY.

There is a place, so Ariosto sings,
A treasury for lost and missing things:
Lost human wits have places there assign'd 'em,
And they, who lose their senses, there may find 'em.
But where's this place, the storehouse of the age?
'The moon,' says he:—but I affirm, 'the Stage:'
At least in many things, I think, I see
His lunar and our mimic world agree,
Both shine at night, for but at Foote's alone,
We scarce exhibit till the sun goes down:
Both prone to change, no settled limits fix,
And sure the folks of both are lunatics.

But in this parallel my best pretence is,
That mortals visit both—to find their senses.
To this strange spot, rakes, marcaronies, cits,
Come thronging, to collect their scatter'd wits.
The gay coquet, who ogles all the day,
Comes here at night, and goes a prude away.
Hither the' affected city-dame advancing,
Who sighs for operas and doats on dancing,
Taught by our art her ridicule to pause on,
Quits the *ballet*, and calls for Nancy Dawson.
The gamester too, whose wit's all high or low,
Oft risks his fortune on one desperate throw,
Comes here to saunter, having made his bets,
Finds his lost senses out, and pays his debts.
The mohawk too—with angry phrases stor'd
As 'Dam'me, Sir,' and 'Sir, I wear a sword;'
Here lessen'd for a while, and hence retreating,
Goes out, affronts his man, and takes a beating.
Here come the sons of scandal and of news,
But find no sense—for they had none to lose.
Of all the tribe here wanting an adviser.
Our Author's the least likely to grow wiser;
Has he not seen how you your favour place
On sentimental queens and lords in lace?
Without a star, or coronet, or garter,
How can the piece expect or hope for quarter?
No high-life scenes, no sentiment:—the creature
Still stoops among the low to copy nature.
Yes, he's far gone:—and yet some pity fix,
The English laws forbid to punish lunatics.*

* This Epilogue was given in manuscript by Dr. Goldsmith to Dr. Percy, (now bishop of Dromore;) but for what comedy it was intended is not remembered.

SELECT POEMS

OF

JOHN LANGHORNE:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE LIFE

OF

JOHN LANGHORNE.

JOHN LANGHORNE, the son of a clergyman beneficed in Lincolnshire, was born at Kirkby Steven, in Westmoreland, in the month of March, 1735. His father dying when he was only four years of age, the care of his education devolved on his mother, who initiated him in the first principles of knowledge with such tender anxiety as left a pleasing and indelible impression on his memory. He celebrated her virtues on her tomb, and more particularly by a beautiful Monody inserted among his poems. When of sufficient age, he was placed at a school at Winton, and afterwards at Appleby, where he recommended himself to the good opinion of Mr. Yates, his master, not only by speedily despatching the usual school tasks, but by performing voluntary exercises which he submitted to his revisal. He did not leave this school until his eighteenth year, when, having no means of defraying the expenses of an university education, he engaged himself as a private tutor in a family near Ripon. He had attained a thorough knowledge of the classical languages, and during his residence in this neighbourhood, began to write verses, the greater part of which his more mature judgment led him to destroy. His next occupation was that of an assistant at the free-school of Wakefield, then superintended by Mr. Clarke, and while here he

took deacon's orders, and became, it is said, 'a popular preacher.' In the year 1759, Mr. Clarke recommended him as preceptor to the sons of Robert Cracroft, Esq. of Hackthorn, near Lincoln. Mr. Cracroft had nine sons, and Mr Langhorne must have been fully employed in the family, yet he added to theirs the tuition of Mr. Edmund Cartwright, a young gentleman of a poetical turn, who afterwards wrote an elegy, entitled Constantia, on the death of his preceptor's wife.

During his residence at Hackthorn, Langhorne published a volume of poems for the relief of a gentleman in distress, and in the same year a poem entitled *The Death of Adonis*, from the Greek of Bion. Public opinion gave him no encouragement to reprint this last, but he derived from it the advantage of being noticed as a critic of considerable acumen in Greek poetry. In 1760, he entered his name at Clarehall, Cambridge, in order to take the degree of bachelor of divinity, but in this it is probable he did not succeed, as his name is not to be found among the Cambridge graduates. At this time he wrote a poem on the King's Accession, and another on the Royal Nuptials, which he afterwards inserted in *Solyman and Almena*. In the same year, he published *The Tears of the Muses*, a poem to the memory of Handel, with an Ode to the River Eden, 4to. While employed in the education of the sons of Mr. Cracroft, he became enamoured of Miss Anne Cracroft, one of that gentleman's daughters. He had given her some instructions in the Italian language, and was often delighted by her skill in music, for which he had a very correct ear. A mutual attachment was the consequence of these many opportunities, and coincidences in polite accomplishments, and Mr. Langhorne was eager to seal his happiness by marriage. But the lady, who knew that a match so disproportioned as to fortune, would be opposed by her family, gave him a denial

as firm and as gentle as her good sense and secret attachment would permit. For this, however, Mr. Langhorne was not prepared, and immediately left his situation, in hopes of recovering a more tranquil tone of mind in distant scenes and different employment.

In 1761, he officiated as curate to the Rev. Abraham Blackburn of Dagenham, and obtained the friendship of the Gilmans, a very amiable family in that place. While endeavouring to forget his heart's disappointment, he found some relief in penning a hymn to Hope, which he published this year in London, 4to. and in the course of the next, he gave farther vent to his thoughts in *The Visions of Fancy*, four elegies, 4to. Letters on Religious Retirement 8vo; and Solyman and Almena, a fiction in the manner of the eastern tales, but not much to be praised for invention. The letters are of a sentimental, melancholy cast, with a considerable mixture of lighter and more entertaining matter. His Letters on Religious Retirement, were dedicated with success to Bishop Warburton, who returned a complimentary letter, in which he encouraged Langhorne to make some attempt in the cause of religion. This is supposed to have produced, in 1763, the letters that passed between Theodosius and Constantia, founded on a well known story in the Spectator. The style of these letters is in general elegant, but in some parts too florid. The letter on Prayer is very equivocal in its tendency. This year he also gave birth to a poem, meant to be philosophical, entitled The Enlargement of the Mind, (part first,) in which we find some noble sentiments expressed in glowing and elevated language. His next publication about the same time, called Effusions of Friendship and Fancy, 2 vols. 12mo. was a work of considerable popularity: it is indeed a very pleasing miscellany of humour, fancy, and criticism, but the style is often flippant and ir-

regular, and causes him to be classed among the imitators of Sterne, whom it was the fashion at that time to read and to admire. In the year 1764, having obtained the curacy and lectureship of St. John's, Clerkenwell, he was enabled to reside in London, where he was ranked among the elegant and pleasing poets of the day. His first publication this year, was the continuation of Theodosius and Constantia, of much the same character as the former work, but enlivened by more variety. As he appears to have aspired to promotion through the popularity of his talents in the pulpit, he now gave a specimen of what had pleased his congregation, in two volumes of Sermons. His biographer has taken some pains to defend these against the censure of the late Mr. Mainwaring, of St. John's, Cambridge, in his dissertation prefixed to his Sermons, (1780.) But they abound in false pathos, and the reasoning, where any occurs, is very superficial. They have, however, this advantage to those who dislike sermons of every kind, that they are perhaps the shortest ever published. About this time, his son informs us, he engaged with Mr. Griffiths as a writer in the Monthly Review, and this engagement, with scarcely any intermission, continued to his death. His employment as a critic, we are told, procured him many acquaintances among literary men, while the vein of ridicule which he indulged in treating several of the subjects that fell under his consideration, created him many enemies, who, in their turn, endeavoured to depreciate his performances. In 1765, his productions were, The second Epistle on the Enlargement of the Mind; an edition of the poems of the elegant and tender Collins, with a criticism and some memoirs; and letters on that difficult subject, the Eloquence of the Pulpit. He had now occasion to exert his own talents before a more enlightened auditory than he had ever yet addressed, having

been appointed by Dr. Hurd (the venerable bishop of Winchester) to the office of assistant preacher at Lincoln's Inn Chapel. In the following year, we do not find that any thing original came from his pen; he prepared for the press, however, an enlarged edition of his Effusions of Friendship and Fancy, and a collection of his poems, in two vols. 12mo. The principal article of these, not before published, is a dramatic poem, or Tragedy, entitled The Fatal Prophecy. This was his only attempt in this species of poetry, and was universally accounted unsuccessful. He had the good sense to acquiesce in the decision, and neither attempted the drama again, nor reprinted this specimen.

During Churchill's career, Langhorne endeavoured to counteract the scurrility he had thrown out against Scotland in his Prophecy of Famine, by an elegant poem, entitled 'Genius and Valour.' This poem produced him a very flattering letter, in the year 1766, from Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian, and principal of the university of Edinburgh, requesting him to accept a diploma for the degree of doctor in divinity. He was farther consoled by the approbation of every wise and loyal man who contemplated the miseries of disunion, and the glaring absurdity of perpetuating national prejudices.

In 1767, after a courtship of five years, Dr. Langhorne obtained the hand of Miss Cracroft, to whom he had ever been tenderly attached, and with whom he had kept up a correspondence since his departure from Hackthorn. By what means her family were reconciled to the match, we are not told; but some fortune accompanied it, as the living of Blagden in Somersetshire was purchased for him, and there he went immediately to reside. His happiness, however, with this lady was of short duration, as she died in child-birth of a son, May 4, 1768. She was interred in the chancel of Blagden church,

with the following lines on her monument, written by her husband:

> With Sappho's taste, with Arria's tender heart,
> Lucretia's honour, and Cecilia's art,
> That such a woman died surprise can't give;
> 'Tis only strange that such a one should live.

He afterwards composed a more elegant, and pathetic tribute to her virtues, which may be found among his poems.

The allusion to the cause of her death is an original thought, introduced with great skill and tenderness. During her life, he produced one poem only, entitled Precepts of Conjugal Happiness, addressed to Mrs. Neltborpe, a sister of his wife. In the Precepts of Conjugal Happiness, there is more good sense than poetry. It appears to have been a temporary effusion on which he bestowed no extraordinary pains. Not long after Mrs. Langhorne's death our author went to reside at Folkestone in Kent, where his brother, the Rev. William Langhorne, then officiated as minister, a man of a very amiable character. Between these brothers the closest affection subsisted; each was to other 'more the friend than brother of his heart.' During their residence together at Folkestone, they were employed in preparing a new translation of Plutarch's lives: and our poet, who became about this time intimate with Scott, the poet of Amwell (who likewise had just lost a beloved wife from a similar cause), paid him a visit at Amwell, where he wrote the *Monody* inscribed to Mr. Scott.

Amidst these engagements he found leisure to give to the world two productions strongly marked by the peculiarities of his style and turn of thinking: the one entitled Frederick and Pharamond, or the Consolations of Human life, 8vo: the other, Letters supposed to have passed between M. de St. Evremond and Waller. Frederick and Phara-

mond was begun with a view to alleviate the afflictions of a friend, and pursued, perhaps, to alleviate his own. It attempts that by argument which is rarely accomplished but by time. The translation of Plutarch, by the brothers, appeared in 1770, and soon became a very popular book. In 1771, Dr. Langhorne gave another proof of the variety on which he exercised his fancy, in a favourite little volume, entitled the *Fables of Flora*. In this, although he claimed too hastily the merit of combining, for the first time, imagery, description, and sentiment, yet he has certainly enlarged the province of fable, and given proof of a wide range of imagination. It cannot, however, be denied, that the moral is not always sufficiently pointed, that the style is too much ornamented, and the general cast of sentiment too obscure, for the persons in whose hands fables are usually placed. In answer to the objection made to the language of flowers, his son very justly remarks that 'impersonation may certainly be applied with as much reason to the vegatable as to the animal creation, if the characteristic attributes of each plant or flower are faithfully marked, and the unity of the fable is maintained.'

Towards the latter end of the year 1771, Dr. Langhorne went to reside for a few months at Potton, in Bedfordshire, where he wrote his Origin of the Veil, which, however, was not published for some time after. In 1772, he paid a visit to his native country, and married a second wife, the daughter of ——— Thomson, Esq. near Brough, and soon after took her with him on a tour through part of France and Flanders, the scenery of which afforded new topics for his muse. Late in the spring he returned to Blagden, where he was put into the commission of the peace; and having considered the usual practice of the duties of that office, he imparted his sentiments on the subject in

a species of didactic and satirical poem, entitled The Country Justice, in three parts, published in 1774, 1775, and 1777. This humane endeavour to plead the cause of the poor and wretched against oppression and neglect, does great honour to his feelings, which, indeed, in all his works, are on the side of benevolence and virtue. It is said to have been written in consequence of the suggestion, and, as to facts, probably with the assistance, of Dr. Burn, the well-known author of a Digest of the Laws relating to Justices of the Peace.—In 1773, Dr. Langhorne presented the public with a free translation of that part of Denina on the ancient Republics of Italy, which contains the author's reflections on the admission of the Italian states to the franchises of Rome.

In 1776, he lost his second wife, who died, like the former, in child-bed, five years after her marriage, and left a daughter. What impression this second interruption to domestic happiness produced on his mind, we are not told. In this year, however, we find him again employing the press, in a Translation of Milton's Italian Sonnets, and on two occasional sermons. In 1777, at the request of the Bouverie family (who highly respected Dr. Langhorne,) Dr. Moss, bishop of Bath and Wells, presented him with a prebend in the cathedral of Wells. His last production was the tale of *Owen of Carron*, which, with some beauties, has but little energy and vigour: it is uncertain whether this was owing to the nature of the poem, in which he conceived it necessary to imitate the ballad simplicity, or to a languor of body and mind. His biographer passes over his last days without notice of his situation or employments. We are merely told that he died April 1, 1779, in the forty-fifth year of his age. In 1804, his son published an edition of his poems, in two elegant volumes 12mo. with memoirs of the Author.

If we may judge from his writings, Dr. Langhorne was a man of an amiable disposition, a friend to religion and morals, and though a wit, he never descends to grossness or indelicacy. Incidental notice having been already taken of his pieces, it will not be necessary to enlarge on the subject. Ease, elegance, and tenderness, are the most striking features of his poetry: nor is he deficient in invention; an attentive perusal will enable the reader to discover many original sentiments, and spirited flights, which the critics of his day pointed out with high praise. He is very seldom a copyist: his style and his sentiments, whatever their merit, are his own. His prose works are various enough to convince us that he was either a laborious writer, or possessed of great fertility of imagination, and the latter will probably be the safest conjecture. But, although a scholar of high attainments, he has rarely brought learning to his aid. His mind was stored with remarks on men and manners, which he expressed in various and desultory modes, so as to give an air of novelty to every thing he wrote, but we find nothing very profound. He appeared so frequently before the public as to secure a considerable degree of fame; what he announced was expected with eagerness, and what he published was read with pleasure.

FABLES OF FLORA.

TO THE HON. CHARLES YORKE.

A MUSE that lov'd in Nature's walks to stray,
And gather'd many a wild flower in her way,
To Nature's friend her genuine gifts would bring,
The light amusements of Life's vacant Spring;
Nor shalt thou, Yorke! her humble offering blame,
If pure her incense, and unmixt her flame.
She pours no flattery into folly's ear,
No shameless hireling of a shameless Peer;
The friends of Pope indulge her native lays,
And Gloucester joins with Lyttleton to praise.
Each judge of art, her strain, though artless, loves;
And Shenstone smil'd, and polish'd Hurd approves.
O may such spirits long protect my page,
Surviving lights of Wit's departed age!
Long may I in their kind opinion live!
All meaner praise, all envy I forgive.—
Yet fairly be my future laurels won:
Nor let me bear a bribe to Hardwicke's son!
Should his free suffrage own the favour'd strain,
Though vain the toil, the glory were not vain.

PROEMIUM: WRITTEN IN 1766.

In Eden's* vale, where early fancy wrought
Her wild embroidery on the ground of thought,
Where Pembroke's† grottos, strewed with Sidney's bays,
Recall'd the dreams of visionary days,
Thus the fond Muse, that sooth'd my vacant youth,
Prophetic sung, and what she sung was truth:—
'Boy! break thy lyre, and cast thy reed away;
Vain are the honours of the fruitless bay.
Though with each charm thy polish'd lay should please,
Glow into strength, yet soften into ease;
Should Attic fancy brighten every line,
And all Aonia's harmony be thine;
Say would thy cares a grateful age repay?
Fame wreathe thy brows, or Fortune gild thy way?
Ev'n her own fools, if Fortune smile, shall blame;
And envy lurks beneath the flowers of Fame.
Yet, if resolv'd, secure of future praise,
To tune sweet songs, and live melodious days,
Let not the hand that decks my holy shrine,
Round Folly's head the blasted laurel twine.
Just to thyself, dishonest Grandeur scorn;
Nor gild the bust of Meanness nobly born.
Let Truth, let Freedom, still thy lays approve!
Respect my precepts, and retain my love!'

* The river Eden, in Westmoreland.

† The Countess of Pembroke, to whom Sir Philip Sidney dedicated his 'Arcadia,' resided at Appleby, a small but beautiful town in Westmoreland, situated upon the Eden.

FABLES OF FLORA.

—Sylvas, saltusque sequamur
Intactos——— VIRG.

THE SUNFLOWER AND THE IVY.

As duteous to the place of prayer,
Within the convent's lonely walls,
The holy sisters still repair,
What time the rosy morning calls:

So fair, each morn, so full of grace,
Within their little garden rear'd,
The flower of Phœbus turn'd her face
To meet the power she lov'd and fear'd.

And where, along the rising sky,
Her god in brighter glory burn'd,
Still there her fond observant eye,
And there her golden breast she turn'd.

When calling from their weary height
On western waves his beams to rest,
Still there she sought the parting sight,
And there she turn'd her golden breast.

But soon as night's invidious shade
Afar his lovely looks had borne,
With folded leaves and drooping head,
Full sore she griev'd, as one forlorn.

Such duty in a flower display'd
The holy sisters smiled to see,
Forgave the pagan rites it paid,
And lov'd its fond idolatry.

But painful still, though meant for kind,
The praise that falls on envy's ear!
O'er the dim window's arch entwin'd,
The canker'd Ivy chanc'd to hear.

And 'see (she cried) that specious flower,
Whose flattering bosom courts the sun,
The pageant of a gilded hour,
The convent's simple hearts hath won!

'Obsequious meanness! ever prone
To watch the patron's turning eye;
No will, no motion of its own!
'Tis this they love, for this they sigh.

'Go, splendid sycophant! no more
Display thy soft seductive arts!
The flattering clime of courts explore,
Nor spoil the convent's simple hearts.

'To me their praise more justly due,
Of longer bloom, and happier grace!
Whom changing months unalter'd view,
And find them in my fond embrace.'—

'How well (the modest flower replied)
Can Envy's wrested eye elude
The obvious bounds that still divide
Foul Flattery from fair Gratitude.

'My duteous praise each hour I pay,
For few the hours that I must live;
And give to him my little day,
Whose grace another day may give.

'When low this golden form shall fall,
And spread with dust its parent plain;
That dust shall hear his genial call,
And rise, to glory rise, again.

'To thee, my gracious power, to thee
My love, my heart, my life are due!
Thy goodness gave that life to be;
Thy goodness shall that life renew.

'Ah me! one moment from thy sight
That thus my truant-eye should stray!
The god of glory sets in night:
His faithless flower has lost a day.'

Sore griev'd the flower and droop'd her head;
And sudden tears her breast bedew'd:
Consenting tears the sisters shed,
And wrapt in holy wonder, view'd.

With joy, with pious pride elate,
'Behold (the aged abbess cries)
An emblem of that happier fate
Which Heaven to all but us denies.

'Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,
No charm but duty's charm can move;
We shed no tears but holy tears
Of tender penitence and love.

'See there the envious world portray'd
In that dark look, that creeping pace!
No flower can bear the Ivy's shade;
No tree support its cold embrace.

'The oak that rears it from the ground,
And bears its tendrils to the skies,
Feels at his heart the rankling wound,
And in its poisonous arms he dies.'

Her moral thus the matron read,
Studious to teach her children dear,
And they by love, or duty led,
With pleasure heard, or seem'd to hear.

Yet one less duteous, not less fair,
(In convents still the tale is known)
The fable heard with silent care,
But found a moral of her own.

The flower that smil'd along the day,
And droop'd in tears at evening's fall;
Too well she found her life display,
Too well her fatal lot recall.

The treacherous Ivy's gloomy shade,
That murder'd what it most embrac'd,
Too well that cruel scene convey'd
Which all her fairer hopes effac'd.

Her heart with silent horror shook;
With sighs she sought her lonely cell:
To the dim light she cast one look;
And bade once more the world farewell!

THE EVENING-PRIMROSE.

There are that love the shades of life,
And shun the splendid walks of fame;
There are that hold it rueful strife
To risk Ambition's losing game;

That far from Envy's lurid eye
The fairest fruits of Genius rear,
Content to see them bloom and die
In Friendship's small but kindly sphere.

Than vainer flowers though sweeter far,
The Evening-Primrose shuns the day;
Blooms only to the western star,
And loves its solitary ray.

In Eden's vale, an aged hind,
At the dim twilight's closing hour,
On his time-smoothed staff reclin'd,
With wonder view'd the opening flower.

'Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow;
(In pity's simple thought he cries)
Thy bosom must not feel the glow
Of splendid suns or smiling skies.

'Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,
The hamlet's little train behold;
Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
When thine the falling shades unfold.

'Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,
When love has fill'd his heart with cares;
For flowers he rifles all the meads,
For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

'Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom
On night's chill shade, that fragrant breath;
Let smiling suns those gems illume!
Fair flower, to live unseen is death.'

Soft as the voice of vernal gales
That o'er the bending meadow blow,
Or streams that steal through even vales,
And murmur that they move so slow:

Deep in her unfrequented bower,
Sweet Philomela pour'd her strain;
The bird of eve approv'd her flower,
And answer'd thus the anxious swain.

'Live unseen!
By moonlight shades, in valleys green,
Lovely flower, we'll live unseen.
Of our pleasures deem not lightly,
Laughing Day may look more sprightly,
But I love the modest mein,
Still I love the modest mien
Of gentle Evening, and her star-train'd queen.

'Didst thou, shepherd, never find,
Pleasure is of pensive kind?
Has thy cottage never known
That she loves to live alone?
Dost thou not at evening hour
Feel some soft and secret power,
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave sweet serenity behind;
While all disarm'd, the cares of day
Steal through the falling gloom away?
Love to think thy lot was laid
In this undistinguish'd shade.
Far from the world's infectious view,
Thy little virtues safely blew.
Go, and in day's more dangerous hour,
Guard thy emblematic flower.'

THE LAUREL AND THE REED.

The reed* that once the shepherd blew
On old Cephisus' hallow'd side,
To Sylla's cruel bow applied,
Its inoffensive master slew.

* The reeds on the banks of the Cephisus, of which the shepherds made their pipes, Sylla's soldiers used for arrows.

'Stay, bloody soldier! stay thy hand,
Nor take the shepherd's gentle breath:
Thy rage let innocence withstand;
Let music sooth the thirst of death.'

He frown'd—he bade the arrow fly—
The arrow smote the tuneful swain;
No more its tone his lip shall try,
Nor wake its vocal soul again.

Cephisus, from his sedgy urn,
With woe beheld the sanguine deed;
He mourn'd, and as they heard him mourn,
Assenting sigh'd each trembling reed.

'Fair offspring of my waves, (he cried)
That bind my brows, my banks adorn;
Pride of the plains, the rivers' pride,
For music, peace, and beauty born;

'Ah! what, unheedful, have we done?
What demons here in death delight?
What fiends that curse the social sun?
What furies of infernal night?

'See, see my peaceful shepherds bleed;
Each heart in harmony that vied,
Smote by its own melodious reed,
Lies cold, along my blushing side.

'Back to your urn, my waters, fly;
Or find in earth some secret way;
For horror dims yon conscious sky,
And hell has issued into day.'

Through Delphi's holy depth of shade
The sympathetic sorrows ran;
While in his dim and mournful glade
The Genius of her groves began:

'In vain Cephisus sighs to save
The swain that loves his watery mead,
And weeps to see his reddening wave,
And mourns for his perverted reed:

'In vain my violated groves
Must I with equal grief bewail,
While desolation sternly roves,
And bids the sanguine hand assail.

'God of the genial stream behold
My laurel shades of leaves so bare!
Those leaves no poet's brows unfold,
Nor bind Apollo's golden hair.

'Like thy fair offspring, misapplied,
Far other purpose they supply;
The murderer's burning cheek to hide,
And on his frownful temples die.

'Yet deem not these of Pluto's race,
Whom wounded Nature sues in vain;
Pluto disclaims the dire disgrace,
And cries, indignant, THEY ARE MEN.'

THE GARDEN-ROSE AND THE WILD ROSE.

As Dee, whose current free from stain,
Glides fair o'er Merioneth's plain,
By mountains forc'd his way to steer
Along the lake of Pimble Mere,
Darts swiftly through the stagnant mass,
His waters trembliag as they pass,
And leads his lucid waves below,
Unmix'd, unsullied as they flow—

So clear through life's tumultuous tide,
So free could Thought and Fancy glide;
Could Hope as sprightly hold her course,
As first she left her native source,
Unsought in her romantic cell
The keeper of her dreams might dwell.

But ah! they will not, will not last—
When life's first fairy stage is past,
The glowing hand of Hope is cold;
And Fancy lives not to be old.
Darker, and darker all before;
We turn the former prospect o'er,
And find in Memory's faithful eye
Our little stock of pleasures lie.

Come, then; thy kind recesses ope,
Fair keeper of the dreams of Hope!
Come with thy visionary train;
And bring my morning scenes again!
To Enon's wild and silent shade,
Where oft my lonely youth was laid;
What time the woodland-genius came,
And touch'd me with his holy flame.—

Or, where the hermit, Bela, leads
Her waves through solitary meads;
And only feeds the desert-flower,
Where once she sooth'd my slumbering hour:
Or rous'd by Stainmore's wintry sky,
She wearies echo with her cry;
And oft, what storms her bosom tear,
Her deeply-wounded banks declare.—

Where Eden's fairer waters flow,
By Milton's bower, or Osty's brow,

Or Brockley's alder-shaded cave,
Or, winding round the Druid's grave,
Silently glide, with pious fear
To sound his holy slumbers near.—

To these fair scenes of Fancy's reign,
O memory! bear me once again:
For, when life's varied scenes are past,
'Tis simple Nature charms at last.

'Twas thus of old a poet pray'd;
The' indulgent power his pray'r approv'd,
And, ere the gather'd rose could fade,
Restor'd him to the scenes he lov'd.

A Rose, the poet's favourite flower,
From Flora's cultur'd walks he bore;
No fairer bloom'd in Esher's bower,
Nor Prior's charming Chloe wore.

No fairer flowers could Fancy twine
To hide Anacreon's snowy hair;
For there Almeria's bloom divine,
And Elliot's sweetest blush was there.

When she, the pride of courts, retires,
And leaves for shades, a nation's love,
With awe the village maid admires,
How Waldegrave looks, how Waldegrave moves.

So marvell'd much in Enon's shade
The flowers that all uncultur'd grew,
When there the splendid Rose display'd
Her swelling breast and shining hue.

Yet one, that oft adorn'd the place
Where now her gaudy rival reign'd,
Of simpler bloom, but kindred race,
The pensive Eglantine complain'd.—

'Mistaken youth, (with sighs she said)
From Nature and from me to stray!
The bard, by splendid forms betray'd,
No more shall frame the purer lay.

'Luxuriant, like the flaunting Rose,
And gay the brilliant strains may be,
But far, in beauty far from those,
That flow'd to Nature and to me.'

The poet felt, with fond surprise,
The truths the silvan critic told;
And, 'though this courtly Rose (he cries)
Is gay, is beauteous to behold;

'Yet, lovely flower, I find in thee
Wild sweetness which no words express,
And charms in thy simplicity,
That dwell not in the pride of dress.'

THE VIOLET AND THE PANSY.

Shepherd, if near thy artless breast
The god of fond desires repair;
Implore him for a gentle guest,
Implore him with unwearied prayer.

Should beauty's soul-enchanting smile,
Love-kindling looks and features gay,
Should these thy wandering eye beguile,
And steal thy wareless heart away;

That heart shall soon with sorrow swell,
And soon the erring eye deplore,
If in the beauteous bosom dwell
No gentle virtue's genial store.

Far from his hive one summer-day,
A young and yet unpractis'd bee,
Borne on his tender wings away,
Went forth the flowery world to see.

The morn, the noon, in play he pass'd,
But when the shades of evening came,
No parent brought the due repast,
And faintness seiz'd his little frame.

By nature urg'd, by instinct led,
The bosom of a flower he sought,
Where streams mourn'd round a mossy bed,
And Violets all the bank enwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dies,
On that fair bank a Pansy grew,
That borrow'd from indulgent skies
A velvet shade and purple hue.

The tints that stream'd with glossy gold,
The velvet shade, the purple hue,
The stranger wonder'd to behold,
And to its beauteous bosom flew.

Not fonder haste the lover speeds,
At evening's fall his fair to meet,
When o'er the hardly-bending meads
He springs on more than mortal feet.

Nor glows his eyes with brighter glee,
When stealing near her orient breast;
Than felt the fond enamour'd bee,
When first the golden bloom he prest.

Ah! pity much his youth untried,
His heart in beauty's magic spell!
So never passion thee betide,
But where the genial virtues dwell.

In vain he seeks those virtues there;
No soul-sustaining charms abound:
No honey'd sweetness to repair
The languid waste of life is found.

An aged bee, whose labours led
Through those fair springs, and meads of gold,
His feeble wing, his drooping head
Beheld, and pitied to behold.

'Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art
That courts thine eye with fair attire;
Who smiles to win the heedless heart,
Will smile to see that heart expire.

'This modest flower of humbler hue,
That boasts no depth of glowing dies,
Array'd in unbespangled blue,
The simple clothing of the skies—

'This flower, with balmy sweetness blest,
May yet thy languid life renew:'—
He said, and to the Violet's breast
The little vagrant faintly flew.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW, AND THE CROWN IMPERIAL.

From Bactria's vales, where beauty blows
Luxuriant in the genial ray;
Where flowers a bolder gem disclose,
And deeper drink the golden day:

From Bactria's vales to Britain's shore
What time the Crown imperial came,
Full high the stately stranger bore
The honours of his birth and name.

In all the pomp of eastern state,
In all the eastern glory gay,
He bade, with native pride elate
Each flower of humbler birth obey.

O, that the child unborn might hear,
Nor hold it strange in distant time,
That freedom e'en to flowers was dear,
To flowers that bloom'd in Britain's clime!

Through purple meads and spicy gales,
Where Strymon's* silver waters play,
While far from hence their goddess dwells,
She rules with delegated sway.

That sway the Crown Imperial sought,
With high demand and haughty mien:
But equal claim a rival brought,
A rival call'd the Meadow's Queen.

* The Ionian Strymon.

'In climes of orient glory born,
Where beauty first and empire grew;
Where first unfolds the golden morn,
Where richer falls the fragrant dew:

'In light's ethereal beauty drest,
Behold, he cried, the favour'd flower,
Which Flora's high commands invest
With ensigns of imperial power!

'Where prostrate vales, and blushing meads,
And bending mountains own his sway,
While Persia's lord his empire leads,
And bids the trembling world obey;

'While blood bedews the straining bow,
And conquest rends the scatter'd air,
'Tis mine to bind the victor's brow,
And reign in envied glory there.

'Then lowly bow, ye British flowers!
Confess your monarch's mighty sway,
And own the only glory yours,
When fear flies trembling to obey.'

He said, and sudden o'er the plain,
From flower to flower a murmur ran,
With modest air and milder strain,
When thus the Meadow's Queen began:

'If vain of birth, of glory vain,
Or fond to bear a regal name,
The pride of folly brings disdain,
And bids me urge a tyrant's claim:

'If war my peaceful realm's assail,
And then unmov'd by Pity's call,
I smile to see the bleeding vale,
Or feel one joy in Nature's fall,

'Then may each justly vengeful flower
Pursue her Queen with generous strife,
Nor leave the hand of lawless power
Such compass on the scale of life.

'One simple virtue all my pride!
The wish that flies to misery's aid;
The balm that stops the crimson tide,*
And heals the wounds that war has made.'

Their free consent by zephyrs borne,
The flowers their Meadow's Queen obey;
And fairer blushes crown'd the morn,
And sweeter fragrance fill'd the day.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

'Why loves my flower, the sweetest flower
That swells the golden breast of May,
Thrown rudely o'er this ruin'd tower,
To waste her solitary day?

'Why, when the mead, the spicy vale,
The grove and genial garden call,
Will she her fragrant soul exhale,
Unheeded on the lonely wall?

'For never sure was beauty born
To live in Death's deserted shade!
Come, lovely flower, my banks adorn,
My banks for life and beauty made.'

Thus Pity wak'd the tender thought,
And by her sweet persuasion led,
To seize the hermit-flower I sought,
And bear her from her stony bed.

* The property of that flower.

I sought—but sudden on mine ear
A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
And smote my heart with holy fear—
The Genius of the Ruin spoke.

'From thee be far the' ungentle deed,
The honours of the dead to spoil,
Or take the sole remaining meed,
The flower that crowns their former toil!

'Nor deem that flower the garden's foe,
Or fond to grace this barren shade;
'Tis Nature tells her to bestow
Her honours on the lonely dead.

'For this, obedient zephyrs bear
Her light seeds round yon turret's mold,
And undispers'd by tempests there
They rise in vegetable gold.

'Nor shall thy wonder wake to see
Such desart-scenes distinction crave;
Oft have they been, and oft shall be
Truth's, Honour's, Valour's, Beauty's grave.

'Where longs to fall that rifted spire,
As weary of the' in suiting air;
The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,
The lover's sighs are sleeping there.

'When that too shakes the trembling ground,
Borne down by some tempestuous sky,
And many a slumbering cottage round
Startles—how still their hearts will lie;

'Of them who, wrapt in earth so cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told;
For many a tender thought is due.

Hast thou not seen some lover pale,
When Evening brought the pensive hour,
Step slowly oe'r the shadowy vale,
And stop to pluck the frequent flower?

'Those flowers he surely meant to strew
On lost Affection's lowly cell;
Though there, as fond remembrance grew,
Forgotten, from his hand they fell.

'Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
Been taught her first rose to resign?
With vain but pious fondness borne
To deck thy Nancy's honour'd shrine!

''Tis Nature pleading in the breast,
Fair memory of her works to find;
And when to fate she yields the rest,
She claims the monumental mind.

'Why, else, the o'ergrown paths of Time
Would thus the letter'd sage explore,
With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
And on the doubtful sculpture pore?

'Why seeks he with unwearied toil
Through Death's dim walks to urge his way,
Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
And lead Oblivion into day?

''Tis Nature prompts, by toil or fear
Unmov'd, to range through Death's domain:
The tender parent loves to hear
Her children's story told again.

'Treat not with scorn his thoughtful hours,
If haply near these haunts he stray;
Nor take the fair enlivening flowers
That bloom to cheer his lonely way.'

THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE.

'Twas on the border of a stream
A gaily painted Tulip stood,
And, gilded by the morning-beam,
Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And sure, more lovely to behold,
Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
Than crimson fading into gold,
In streaks of fairest symmetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
(Ah me! that pride with beauty dwells,)
Vainly affects superior state,
And thus in empty fancy swells:

'O lustre of unrivall'd bloom!
Fair painting of a hand divine;
Superior far to mortal doom,
The hues of heaven alone are mine.

'Away, ye worthless, formless race!
Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers?
No more my native bed disgrace,
Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours!

'Shall the bright daughter of the Sun
Associate with the shrubs of Earth?
Ye slaves, your sovereign's presence shun!
Respect her beauties and her birth.

'And thou, dull, sullen evergreen?
Shalt thou my shining sphere invade?
My noon-day beauties beam unseen,
Obscur'd beneath thy dusky shade?'

'Deluded flower! (the Myrtle cries)
Shall we thy moment's bloom adore!
The meanest shrub that you despise,
The meanest flower has merit more.

'That daisy, in its simple bloom,
Shall last along the changing year;
Blush on the snow of Winter's gloom,
And bid the smiling Spring appear.

'The violet, that, those banks beneath,
Hides from thy scorn its modest head,
Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
When thou art in thy dusty bed.

'E'en I, who boast no golden shade,
Am of no shining tints possess'd,
When low thy lucid form is laid,
Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

'And he, whose kind and fostering care
To thee, to me, our beings gave,
Shall near his breast my flowerets wear,
And walk regardless o'er thy grave.

'Deluded flower! the friendly screen
That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,
And mocks thy passion to be seen,
Prolongs thy transitory day.

'But kindly deeds with scorn repaid,
No more by Virtue need be done:
I now withdraw my dusky shade,
And yield thee to thy darling Sun.'

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder swell.

Expanded by the searching fire,
The curling leaves the breast diselos'd;
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm expos'd.

But when the Sun was sliding low,
And Evening came, with dews so cold;
The wanton beauty ceas'd to blow,
And sought her bending leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas! no more would close:
Relax'd, exhausted, sickening, pale;
They left her to a parent's woes,
And fled before the rising gale.

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*THE BEE-FLOWER.**

Come, let us leave this painted plain;
This waste of flowers that palls the eye:
The walks of Nature's wilder reign
Shall please in plainer majesty.

Through those fair scenes, where yet she owes
Superior charms to Broekman's art,
Where, crown'd with elegant repose,
He cherishes the social heart—

* This is a species of the Orchis, which is found in the barren and mountainous parts of Lincolnshire, Worcestershire, Kent, and Hertfordshire. Nature has formed a bee apparently feeding on the breast of a flower, with so much exactness, that it is impossible at a very small distance to distinguish the imposition. For this purpose she has observed an economy different from what is found in most other flowers, and has laid the petals horizontally. The genus of the orchis, or satyrion she seems professedly to have made use of for her paintings; and on the different species has drawn the perfect forms of different insects, such as bees, flies, butterflies, &c.

Through those fair scenes we'll wander wild,
And on yon pastur'd mountains rest;
Come, brother dear! come, Nature's child!
With all her simple virtues blest.

The sun far-seen on distant towers,
And clouding groves and peopled seas,
And ruins pale of princely bowers,
On Beachborough's airy heights shall please.

Nor lifeless there the lonely scene;
The little labourer of the hive,
From flower to flower, from green to green,
Murmurs, and makes the wild alive.

See, on that flowret's velvet breast
How close the busy vagrant lies!
His thin-wrought plume, his downy breast,
The' ambrosial gold that swells his thighs!

Regardless whilst we wander near,
Thrifty of time, his task he plies;—
Or sees he no intruder near?
And rests in sleep his weary eyes?

Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs;—we'll set the captive free—
I sought the living Bee to find,
And found the picture of a Bee!

Attentive to our trifling selves,
From thence we plan the rule of all;
Thus nature with the fabled elves
We rank, and these her sports we call.

Be far, my friends, from you, from me,
The' unhallow'd term, the thought profane,
That life's majestic source may be
In idle Fancy's trifling vein.

Remember still, 'tis Nature's plan
Religion in your love to find;
And know, for this, she first in man
Inspir'd the imitative mind.

As conscious that affection grows,
Pleas'd with the pencil's mimic power;*
That power with leading hand she shows,
And paints a Bee upon a flower.

Mark, how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands!
Oft, as his shapely form he tears,
Aghast the frighted ploughman stands.

See where, in yonder orient stone,
She seams e'en with herself at strife,
While fairer from her hand is shown
The pictur'd, than the native life.

Helvetia's rocks, Sabrina's waves,
Still many a shining pebble bear,
Where oft her studious hand engraves
The perfect form, and leaves it there.

O long, my Paxton,† boast her art;
And long her laws of love fulfil:
To thee she gave her hand and heart,
To thee, her kindness and her skill!

* The well-known fables of the Painter and the Statuary that fell in love with objects of their own creation, plainly arose from the idea of that attachment, which follows the imitation of agreeable objects, to the objects imitated.

† An ingenious portrait-painter.

THE WILDING AND THE BROOM.

In yonder green wood blows the Broom;
Shepherds, we'll trust our flocks to stray,
Court Nature in her sweetest bloom,
And steal from care one summer-day.

From him* whose gay and graceful brow
Fair-handed Hume with roses binds,
We'll learn to breathe the tender vow,
Where slow the fairy Fortha winds.

And oh! that he† whose gentle breast
In Nature's softest mould was made,
Who left her smiling works imprest
In characters that cannot fade;

That he might leave his lowly shrine,
Though softer there the Seasons fall—
They come, the sons of verse divine,
They come to Fancy's magic call.

——————'What airy sounds invite
My steps not unreluctant, from the depth
Of Shene's delightful groves? Reposing there
No more I hear the busy voice of men
Far-toiling o'er the globe:—save to the call
Of soul-exalting Poetry, the ear
Of Death denies attention. Rous'd by her,
The genius of sepulchral Silence opes

* William Hamilton of Bangour. † Thompson.

His drowsy cells, and yields us to the day.
For thee, whose hand, whatever paints the Spring,
Or swells on Summer's breast, or loads the lap
Of Autumn, gathers heedful—Thee, whose rites
At Nature's shrine with holy care are paid
Daily and nightly, boughs of brightest green,
And every fairest rose, the god of groves,
The queen of flowers, shall sweeter save for thee.
Yet not if beauty only claim thy lay,
Tunefully trifling. Fair Philosophy,
And Nature's love, and every moral charm
That leads in sweet captivity the mind
To virtue—ever in thy nearest cares
Be these, and animate thy living page
With truth resistless, beaming from the source
Of perfect light immortal—Vainly boasts
That golden Broom its sunny robe of flowers:
Fair are the sunny flowers; but, fading soon
And fruitless, yield the forester's regard
To the well-loaded Wilding—Shepherd, there
Behold the fate of song, and lightly deem
Of all but moral beauty.'

——————'Not in vain'—
I hear my Hamilton reply
(The torch of fancy in his eye)
''Tis not in vain, (I hear him say)
That Nature paints her works so gay;
For, fruitless though that fairy Broom,
Yet still we love her lavish bloom.
Cheer'd with that bloom, you desert wild
Its native horrors, lost, and smil'd,
And oft we mark her golden ray
Along the dark wood scatter day.

Of moral uses take the strife;
Leave me the elegance of life.
Whatever charms the ear or eye,
All beauty and all harmony;
If sweet sensations these produce,
I know they have their moral use.
I know that Nature's charms can move
The springs that strike to Virtue's love.'

THE MISLETOE AND THE PASSION-FLOWER.

In this dim cave a druid sleeps,
Where stops the passing gale to moan;
The rock he hollow'd o'er him weeps,
And cold drops wear the fretted stone.

In this dim cave, of different creed,
An hermit's holy ashes rest;
The school-boy finds the frequent bead,
Which many a formal matin blest.

That truant-time full well I know
When here I brought in stolen hour,
The druid's magic Misletoe,
The holy hermit's Passion-flower.

The offerings on the mystic stone
Pensive I laid, in thought profound,
When from the cave a deepening groan
Issued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it still—Dost thou not hear?
Does not thy haunted fancy start?
The sound still vibrates through mine ear—
The horror rushes on my heart.

Unlike to living sounds it came,
Unmix'd, unmelodiz'd with breath;
But grinding through some scrannel frame,
Creak'd from the bony lungs of Death.

I hear it still—'Depart, (it cries;)
No tribute bear to shades unblest:
Know, hear a bloody druid lies,
Who was not nurs'd at Nature's breast.

'Associate he with demons dire,
O'er human victims held the knife,
And pleas'd to see the babe expire,
Smil'd grimly o'er its quivering life.

'Behold his crimson-streaming hand
Erect;—his dark, fix'd, murderous eye;'
In the dim cave I saw him stand;
And my heart died—I felt it die.

I see him still—Dost thou not see
The haggard eye-ball's hollow glare?
And gleams of wild ferocity
Dart through the sable shade of hair;

What meagre form behind him moves,
With eye that rues the' invading day;
And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves
The mind to pale remorse a prey?

What wretched—Hark—the voice replies,
'Boy, bear these idle honours hence!
For, here a guilty hermit lies,
Untrue to Nature, Virtue, Sense.

'Though Nature lent him powers to aid
The moral cause, the mutual weal;
Those powers he sunk in this dim shade,
The desperate suicide of zeal.

'Go, teach the drone of saintly haunts,
Whose cell's the sepulchre of time;
Though many a holy hymn he chaunts,
His life is one continued crime.

'And bear them hence, the plant, the flower;
No symbols those of systems vain!
They have the duties of their hour;
Some bird, some insect to sustain.

THE

ENLARGEMENT OF THE MIND.

EPISTLE I.

TO GENERAL CRAUFURD.

WRITTEN AT BELVIDERE, IN KENT. 1763.

Where is the man, who, prodigal of mind,
In one wide wish embraces human kind?
All pride of sects, all party zeal above,
Whose Priest is Reason, and whose God is Love;
Fair Nature's friend, a foe to fraud and art—
Where is the man, so welcome to my heart?

The sightless herd sequacious, who pursue
Dull Folly's path, and do as others do;
Who look with purblind prejudice and scorn,
On different sects, in different nations born,
Let us, my Craufurd, with compassion view,
Pity their pride, but shun their error too.

From Belvidere's fair groves, and mountains green,
Which Nature rais'd, rejoicing to be seen,
Let us, while raptur'd on her works we gaze,
And the heart riots on luxurious praise,

The' expanded thought, the boundless wish retain,
And let not Nature moralize in vain.
O sacred guide! preceptress more sublime
Than sages boasting o'er the wrecks of time!
See on each page her beauteous volume bear
The golden characters of good and fair.
All human knowledge (blush collegiate pride!)
Flows from her works, to none that reads denied.

Shall the dull inmate of pedantic walls,
On whose old walk the sunbeam seldom falls,
Who knows of nature, and of man no more
Than fills some page of antiquated lore—
Shall he, in words and terms profoundly wise,
The better knowledge of the world despise,
Think Wisdom centerd in a false degree,
And scorn the scholar of Humanity?
Something of men these sapient drones may know,
Of men that liv'd two thousand years ago.
Such human monsters if the world e'er knew,
As ancient verse, and ancient story drew!

If to one object, system, scene confin'd,
The sure effect is narrowness of mind.
'Twas thus Saint Robert, in his lonely wood,
Forsook each social duty——to be good.
Thus Hobbes on one dear system fix'd his eyes,
And prov'd his nature wretched——to be wise.
Each zealot thus, elate with ghostly pride,
Adores his God, and hates the world beside.

Though form'd with powers to grasp this various ball,
Gods! to what meanness may the spirit fall!
Powers that should spread in Reason's orient ray,
How are they darken'd, and debarr'd the day!

When late, where Tajo rolls his ancient tide,
Reflecting clear the mountain's purple side,
Thy genius, Craufurd, Britain's legions led, [head;
And Fear's chill cloud forsook each brightening
By nature brave, and generous as thou art,
Say did not human follies vex thy heart?
Glow'd not thy breast indignant, when you saw
The dome of murder consecrate by law?
Where fiends, commission'd with the legal rod,
In pure devotion, burn the works of God.

O change me, powers of Nature! if ye can,
Transform me, make me any thing but man.
Yet why? This heart all human kind forgives,
While Gillman loves me, and while Craufurd lives.
Is Nature, all-benevolent, to blame
That half her offspring are their mother's shame?
Did she ordain o'er this fair scene of things
The cruelty of priests, or pride of kings? [fame,
Though worlds lie murder'd for their wealth or
Is Nature, all-benevolent, to blame?

O that the world were emptied of its slaves!
That all the fools were gone, and all the knaves!
Then might we, Craufurd, with delight embrace,
In boundless love, the rest of human race.
But let not knaves misanthropy create,
Nor feed the gall of universal hate:
Wherever Genius, Truth, and Virtue dwell,
Polish'd in courts, or simple in a cell,
All views of country, sects, and creeds apart,
These, these I love, and hold them to my heart.

Vain of our beauteous isle, and justly vain,
For freedom here, and health, and plenty reign;

We different lots contemptuously compare,
And boast, like children, of a favourite's share.
Yet though each vale a deeper verdure yields
Than Arno's banks, or Andalusia's fields;
Though many a tree-crown'd mountain teems with ore,
Though flocks innumerous whiten every shore;
Why should we, thus with Nature's wealth elate,
Behold her different families with hate?
Look on her works—on every page you'll find
Inscribed, the doctrine of the social mind.

See countless worlds of insect-being share
The' unenvied regions of the liberal air!
In the same grove what music void of strife!
Heirs of one stream, what tribes of scaly life!
See Earth and Air, and Fire and Flood combine
Of general good to aid the great design!

Where Ancon drags o'er Lincoln's lurid plain,
Like a slow snake, his dirty-winding train,
Where fogs eternal blot the face of day,
And the lost bittern moans his gloomy way;
As well we might, for unpropitious skies,
The blameless native with his clime despise,
As him who still the poorer lot partakes
Of Biscay's mountains, or Batavia's lakes.

Yet look once more on Nature's various plan:
Behold, and love her noblest creature, man!
She, never partial, on each various zone
Bestow'd some portion, to the rest unknown;
By mutual interest meaning thence to bind
In one vast chain the commerce of mankind.

Behold, ye vain disturbers of an hour!
Ye dupes of Faction! and ye tools of Power!
Poor rioters on Life's contracted stage!
Behold, and lose your littleness of rage:
Throw Envy, Folly, Prejudice behind;
And yield to Truth the empire of the mind.

Immortal Truth! O from thy radiant shrine,
Where light created first essay'd to shine;
Where clustering stars eternal beams display,
And gems ethereal drink the golden day;
To chase this moral, clear this sensual night,
O shed one ray of thy celestial light!
Teach us, while wandering through this vale below
We know but little, that we little know.
One beam to mole-ey'd Prejudice convey,
Let pride perceive one mortifying ray:
Thy glass to fools, to infidels apply,
And all the dimness of the mental eye.

Plac'd on this shore of Time's far-stretching bourn,
With leave to look at Nature and return,
While wave on wave impels the human tide,
And ages sink, forgotten as they glide;
Can life's short duties better be discharg'd,
Than when we leave it with a mind enlarg'd?

Judg'd not the old philosopher aright,
When thus he preach'd, his pupils in his sight?
'It matters not, my friends, how low or high
Your little walk of transient life may lie;
Soon will the reign of Hope and Fear be o'er,
And warring passions militate no more:
And trust me, he who, having once survey'd
The good and fair which Nature's wisdom made,

The soonest to his former state retires,
And feels the peace of satisfied desires,
(Let others deem more wisely if they can)
I look on him to be the happiest man.'

So thought the sacred sage, in whom I trust,
Because I feel his sentiments are just.
'Twas not in lustrums of long counted years
That swell'd the' alternate reign of hopes and fears;
Not in the splendid scenes of pain and strife,
That Wisdom plac'd the dignity of life:
To study Nature was the task design'd,
And learn from her the' enlargement of the mind.
Learn from her works whatever Truth admires,
And sleep in death with satisfied desires.

EPISTLE II.

TO

WILLIAM LANGHORNE, M. A.

1765.

Light heard his voice, and eager to obey,
From all her orient fountains burst away.
At Nature's birth, O! had the Power Divine
Commanded thus the moral Sun to shine,
Beam'd on the mind all Reason's influence bright,
And the full day of intellectual light,
Then the free soul, on Truth's strong pinion borne,
Had never languish'd in this shade forlorn,

Yet thus imperfect form'd, thus blind and vain,
Doom'd by long toil a glimpse of truth to gain;
Beyond its sphere shall human wisdom go,
And boldly censure what it cannot know?
For what Heav'n gave, let us the donor bless,
Nor than their merits rank our mercies less.
'Tis ours to cherish what Heav'n deign'd to give,
And, thankful for the gift of being, live.

Progressive powers, and faculties that rise
From earth's low vale, to grasp the golden skies,
Though distant far from perfect good, or fair,
Claim the due thought, and ask the grateful care.
Come, then, thou partner of my life and name,
From one dear source, whom Nature form'd the same,
Allied more nearly in each nobler part,
And more the friend than brother of my heart!
Let us, unlike the lucid twins that rise
At different times, and shine in distant skies,
With mutual eye this mental world survey,
Mark the slow rise of intellectual day,
View Reason's source, if man the source may find,
And trace each science that exalts the mind.

'Thou self-appointed Lord of all below!
Ambitious man, how little dost thou know?
For once let Fancy's towering thoughts subside;
Look on thy birth, and mortify thy pride!
A plaintive wretch, so blind, so helpless born,
The brute sagacious might behold with scorn.
How soon, when Nature gives him to the day,
In strength exulting, does he bound away!

By instinct led, the fostering teat he finds,
Sports in the ray, and shuns the searching winds.
No grief he knows, he feels no groundless fear,
Feeds without cries, and sleeps without a tear.
Did he but know to reason and compare,
See here the vassal, and the master there,
What strange reflections must the scene afford,
That show'd the weakness of his puling lord!'

Thus Sophistry unfolds her specious plan,
Form'd not to humble, but depreciate man.
Unjust the censure, if unjust to rate
His powers and merits from his infant-state.
For grant the children of the flowery vale
By instinct wiser, and of limbs more hale;
With equal eye their perfect state explore,
And all the vain comparison's no more.

'But why should life, so short by Heaven ordain'd,
Be long to thoughtless infancy restrain'd—
To thoughtless infancy, or, vainly sage,
Mourn through the languors of declining age?'

O blind to truth! to Nature's wisdom blind!
And all that she directs, or Heaven design'd!
Behold her works in cities, plains, and groves,
All life that vegetates, and life that moves;
In due proportion, as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays.
Is Man long helpless?—Through each tender hour,
See love parental watch the blooming flow'r!
By opening charms, by beauties fresh display'd,
And sweets unfolding, see that love repaid!

Has age its pains? For luxury it may—
The temperate wear insensibly away.
While sage experience, and reflection clear,
Beam a gay sunshine on life's fading year.
But see from age, from infant weakness see,
That man was destin'd for society;
There from those ills a safe retreat behold,
Which young might vanquish, or afflict him old.

'That, in proportion as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays—
Is Nature's law—to forms alone confin'd,
The laws of matter act not on the Mind.
Too feebly, sure, its faculties must grow,
And Reason brings her borrow'd light too slow.'

O! still sensorious? Art thou then possess'd
Of Reason's power, and does she rule thy breast?
Say what the use—had Providence assign'd
To infant years maturity of mind?
That thy pert offspring, as their father wise,
Might scorn thy precepts, and thy power despise?
Or mourn, with ill-match'd faculties at strife,
O'er limbs unequal to the task of life?
To feel more sensibly the woes that wait
On every period, as on every state;
And slight (sad convicts of each painful truth)
The happier trifles of unthinking youth?

Conclude we then the progress of the mind
Ordain'd by Wisdom infinitely kind:
No innate knowledge on the soul imprest
No birthright instinct acting in the breast,

No natal light, no beams from Heaven display'd,
Dart through the darkness of the mental shade.
Perceptive powers we hold from Heaven's decree,
Alike to knowledge as to virtue free,
In both a liberal agency we bear,
The moral here, the intellectual there;
And hence in both an equal joy is known,
The conscious pleasure of an act our own.

When first the trembling eye receives the day,
External forms on young perception play;
External forms affect the mind alone,
Their different powers and properties unknown.
See the pleas'd infant court the flaming brand,
Eager to grasp the glory in its hand;
The crystal wave as eager to pervade,
Stretch its fond arms to meet the smiling shade;
When Memory's call the mimic words obey,
And wing the thought that falters on its way;
When wise Experience her slow verdict draws,
The sure effect exploring in the cause;
In Nature's rude, but not unfruitful wild,
Reflection springs, and Reason is her child:
On her fair stock the blooming scion grows,
And brighter through revolving seasons blows.
All beateous flower! immortal shalt thou shine,
When dim with age yon golden orbs decline;
Thy orient bloom, unconscious of decay,
Shall spread and flourish in eternal day.

O! with what art, my friend, what early care,
Should Wisdom cultivate a plant so fair!
How should her mind the ripening mind revise,
And blast the buds of folly as they rise!

How should her hand with industry restrain
The thriving growth of passion's fruitful train;
Aspiring weeds, whose lofty arms would tow'r
With fatal shade o'er Reason's tender flow'r.

From low pursuits the ductile mind to save,
Creeds that contract, and vices that enslave;
O'er life's rough seas its doubtful course to steer,
Unbroke by avarice, bigotry, or fear!
For this fair science spreads her light afar,
And fills the bright urn of her eastern star.
The liberal Power in no sequester'd cells,
No moonshine courts of dreaming schoolmen, dwells;
Distinguish'd far her lofty temple stands,
Where the tall mountain looks o'er distant lands;
All round her throne the graceful Arts appear,
That boast the empire of the eye or ear.

See favour'd first, and nearest to the throne,
By the rapt mien of musing Silence known,
Fled from herself, the Power of Numbers plac'd,
Her wild thoughts watch'd by Harmony and Taste.
There (but at distance never meant to vie)
The full-form'd image glancing on her eye,
See lively Painting! On her various face
Quick-gliding forms a moment find a place;
She looks, she acts the character she gives,
And a new feature in each feature lives.
See attic ease in Sculpture's graceful air,
Half loose her robe, and half unbound her hair;
To life, to life, she smiling seems to call,
And down her fair hands negligently fall.

Last, but not meanest, of the glorious choir,
See Music, listening to an angel's lyre.
Simplicity, their beauteous handmaid, drest
By Nature, bears a field-flower on her breast.

O Arts divine! O magic Powers that move
The springs of truth, enlarging truth, and love!
Lost in their charms each mean attachment ends,
And Taste and Knowledge thus are Virtue's friends.

Thus Nature deigns to sympathize with Art,
And leads the moral beauty to the heart;
There, only there, that strong attraction lies,
Which wakes the soul, and bids her graces rise;
Lives in those powers of harmony that bind
Congenial hearts, and stretch from mind to mind!
Glow'd in that warmth, that social kindness gave,
Which once—the rest is silence and the grave!

O tears that warm from wounded Friendship flow!
O thoughts that wake to monuments of woe!
Reflection keen, that points the painful dart;
Memory, that speeds its passage to the heart;
Sad monitors: your cruel power suspend,
And hide, for ever hide, the buried friend.
—In vain—confest I see my Craufurd stand,
And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand.
E'en Death's dim shadow seeks to hide, in vain,
That liberal aspect, and that smile humane;
E'en Death's dim shadow wears a languid light,
And his eye beams through everlasting night.
Till the last sigh of genius shall expire,
His keen eye faded, and extinct his fire;

Till Time, in league with Envy and with Death,
Blast the skill'd hand, and stop the tuneful breath;
My Craufurd still shall claim the mournful song,
So long remember'd, and bewail'd so long.

PRECEPTS

OF

*CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.**

FRIEND, sister, partner of that gentle heart
Where my soul lives, and holds her dearest part;
While love's soft raptures these gay hours employ,
And time puts on the yellow robe of joy;
Will you, Maria, mark with patient ear
The moral Muse, nor deem her song severe?

Through the long course of Life's unclouded day,
Where sweet Contentment smiles on Virtue's way;
Where Fancy opes her ever-varying views,
And Hope strews flowers, and leads you as she
strews;
May each fair pleasure court thy favour'd breast,
By truth protected, and by love caress'd!

So Friendship vows, nor shall her vows be vain;
For every pleasure comes in Virtue's train;
Each charm that tender sympathies impart,
The glow of soul, the transports of the heart;
Sweet meaning, that in silent truth convey
Mind into mind, and steal the soul away;
These gifts, O Virtue! these are all thy own;
Lost to the vicious, to the vain unknown;

* Addressed to the author's sister-in-law, on her marriage in 1768.

Yet blest with these, and happier charms than these,
By Nature form'd, by genius taught to please,
E'en you, to prove that mortal gifts are vain,
Must yield your human sacrifice to pain;
The wizard Care shall dim those brilliant eyes,
Smite the fair urns, and bid the waters rise.
With mind unbroke that darker hour to bear,
Nor, once his captive, drag the chains of Care,
Hope's radiant sunshine o'er the scene to pour,
Nor future joys in present ills devour,
These arts your philosophic friend may show,
Too well experienc'd in the school of woe!

In some sad hour, by transient grief opprest,
Ah! let not vain reflection wound your breast;
For memory, then, to happier objects blind,
Though once the friend, the traitor of the mind,
Life's varied sorrows studious to explore,
Turns the sad volume of its sufferings o'er.
Still to the distant prospect stretch your eye,
Pass the dim cloud, and view the brightening sky;
On Hope's kind wing, more genial climes survey,
Let Fancy join, but Reason guide your way;
For Fancy, still to tender woes inclin'd,
May sooth the heart, but misdirects the mind.

The source of half our anguish, half our tears,
Is the wrong conduct of our hopes and fears;
Like ill-train'd children, still their treatment such,
Restrain'd too rashly, or indulg'd too much.
Hence Hope, projecting more than life can give,
Would live with angels, or refuse to live;
Hence spleen-ey'd Fear, o'er-acting Caution's part,
Betrays those succours Reason lends the heart.

Yet these, submittted to fair Truth's control,
These tyrants are the servants of the soul:
Through vales of peace the dove-like Hope shall stray,
And bear at eve her olive-branch away,
In every scene some distant charm descry,
And hold it forward to the brightening eye;
While watchful Fear, if Fortitude maintain
Her trembling steps, shall ward the distant pain.

Should erring Nature casual faults disclose,
Wound not the breast that harbours your repose:
For every grief that breast from you shall prove,
Is one link broken in the chain of love.
Soon, with their objects, other woes are past,
But pains from those we love are pains that last.
Though faults or follies from Reproach may fly,
Yet in its shade the tender passions die.
Love, like the flower that courts the Sun's kind ray,
Will flourish only in the smiles of day;
Distrust's cold air the generous plant annoys,
And one chill blight of dire Contempt destroys.
O shun, my friend; avoid that dangerous coast,
Where peace expires, and fair affection's lost;
By wit, by grief, by anger urg'd, forbear
The speech contemptuous, and the scornful air.

If heart-felt quiet, thoughts unmixt with pain,
While peace weaves flowers o'er Hymen's golden chain;
If tranquil days, if hours of smiling ease,
The sense of pleasure, and the power to please,
If charms like these deserve your serious care,
Of one dark foe, one dangerous foe beware!
Like Hecla's mountain, while his heart's in flame,
His aspect's cold, and Jealousy's his name.

His hideous birth his wild disorders prove,
Begot by Hatred on despairing Love!
Her throes in rage the frantic mother bore,
And the fell sire with angry curses tore
His sable hair—Distrust beholding smil'd,
And lov'd her image in her future child.
With cruel care, industrious to impart
Each painful sense, each soul-tormenting art,
To Doubt's dim shrine her hapless charge she led,
Where never sleep reliev'd the burning head,
Where never grateful fancy sooth'd suspense,
Or the sweet charm of easy confidence.
Hence fears eternal, ever-restless care,
And all the dire associates of despair.
Hence all the woes he found that peace destroy,
And dash with pain the sparkling stream of joy.

When love's warm breast, from rapture's trembling height,
Falls to the temperate measures of delight;
When calm delight to easy friendship turns,
Grieve not that Hymen's torch more gently burns.
Unerring Nature, in each purpose kind,
Forbids long transports to usurp the mind;
For, oft dissolv'd in joy's oppressive ray,
Soon would the finer faculties decay.
True tender love one even tenor keeps;
'Tis reason's flame, and burns when passion sleeps.
The charm connubial, like a stream that glides
Through life's fair vale, with no unequal tides,
With many a plant along its genial side,
With many a flower that blows in beauteous pride,
With many a shade, where peace in rapturous rest
Holds sweet affiance to her fearless breast;

Pure in its source, and temperate in its way,
Still flows the same, nor finds its urn decay.

O bliss beyond what lonely life can know,
The soul-felt sympathy of joy and woe!
The magic charm which makes e'en sorrow dear,
And turns to pleasure the partaken tear!
Long, beauteous friend, to you may Heaven impart
The soft endearments of the social heart!
Long to your lot may every blessing flow,
That sense, or taste, or virtue can bestow!
And oh, forgive the zeal your peace inspires,
To teach that prudence which itself admires.

THE

ORIGIN OF THE VEIL.

WARM from this heart while flows the faithful line,
The meanest friend of beauty shall be mine:
What Love, or Fame, or Fortune could bestow,
The charm of praise, the ease of life I owe
To Beauty present, or to Beauty fled,
To Hertford living, or Caernarvon dead,
To Tweedale's taste, to Edgecumbe's sense serene,
And (Envy spare this boast) to Britain's Queen!
Kind to the lay that all unlabour'd flow'd,
What Fancy caught, where Nature's pencil glow'd:*
She saw the path to new, though humble fame,
Gave me her praise, and left me fools to blame.

Strong in their weakness are each woman's charms,
Dread that endears, and softness that disarms:
The timorous eye retiring from applause,
And the mild air that fearfully withdraws,
Marks of her power these humble graces prove,
And, dash'd with pride, we deeper drink of Love.
Chief of those charms that hold the heart in thrall,
At thy fair shrine, O Modesty! we fall.
Not Cynthia rising o'er the watery way,
When on the dim wave falls her friendly ray;

* The Fables of Flora.

Not the pure æther of Æolian skies,
That drinks the day's first glories as they rise;
Not all the tints from evening-clouds that break,
Burn in the beauties of the virgin's cheek;
When o'er that cheek, undisciplin'd by art,
The sweet suffusion rushes from the heart.

Yet the soft blush, untutor'd to control,
The glow that speaks the susceptible soul,
Led by nice honour, and by decent pride,
The voice of ancient virtue taught to hide;
Taught beauty's bloom the searching eye to shun,
As early flowers blow fearful of the sun.

Far as the long records of time we trace,*
Still flow'd the Veil o'er Modesty's fair face:
The guard of beauty, in whose friendly shade,
Safe from each eye the featur'd soul is laid,—
The pensive thought that paler looks betray,
The tender grief that steals in tears away,
The hopeless wish that prompts the frequent sigh,
Bleeds in the blush, or melts upon the eye.

The man of faith through Gerar doom'd to stray,
A nation waiting his eventful way,
His fortune's fair companion at his side,
The world his promise, 'Providence his guide';

* Plato mentions two provinces in Persia, one of which was called the Queen's Girdle, the other the Queen's Veil, the revenues of which, no doubt, were employed in purchasing those parts of her majesty's dress. It was about the middle of the third century, that the eastern women, on taking the vow of virginity, assumed that veil which had before been worn by the Pagan priestesses, and which is used by the religious among the Romanists now.

Once, more than virtue dar'd to value life,
And call'd a sister whom he own'd a wife:
Mistaken father of the faithful race,
Thy fears alone could purchase thy disgrace.
'Go, (to the fair, when conscious of the tale,
Said Gerar's Prince,) thy husband is thy veil.'*

O ancient faith! O virtue mourn'd in vain!
When Hymen's altar never held a stain;
When his pure torch shed undiminish'd rays,
And fires unholy died beneath the blaze!
For faith like this fair Greece was early known,
And claim'd the Veil's first honours as her own.

Ere half her sons, o'er Asia's trembling coast,
Arm'd to revenge one woman's virtue lost;
Ere he, whom Circe sought to charm in vain,
Follow'd wild fortune o'er the various main,
In youth's gay bloom he plied the' exulting oar,
From Ithaca's white rocks to Sparta's shore:
Free to Nerician gales† the vessel glides,
And wild Eurotas‡ smoothes his warrior tides;
For amorous Greece, when Love conducts the way,
Beholds her waters, and her winds obey.
No object her's but Love's impression knows,
No wave that wanders, and no breeze that blows;
Her groves,§ her mountains have his power confest,
And Zephyr sigh'd not but for Flora's breast.

* 'He is the vaile of thine eyes to all that are with thee, and to all others.' *Gen.* xx. 16. *Vet. Trans.*

† From the mountain Neritos in Ithaca, now called Nericia.

‡ The Spartan river.

§ E merite d'Alberghe amore.—*Tasso.*

'Twas then his sighs in sweetest whispers stray'd,
Far o'er Laconia's plains from Eva's* shade;
When soft-ey'd Spring resum'd his mantle gay,
And lean'd luxurious on the breast of May,
Love's genial banners young Ulysses bore,
From Ithaca's white rocks to Sparta's shore.

With all that soothes the heart, that wins, or warms,
All princely virtues, and all manly charms,
All Love can urge, or Eloquence persuade,
The future hero woo'd his Spartan maid.
Yet long he woo'd—in Sparta slow to yield,
Beauty like valour long maintain'd the field:—

'No bloom so fair Messene's banks disclose,
No breath so pure o'er Tempe's bosom blows;
No smile so radiant throws the genial ray
Through the fair eye-lids of the opening day;
But deaf to vows with fondest passion prest,
Cold as the wave of Hebrus' wintry breast,
Penelope regards no lover's pain,
And owns Ulysses eloquent in vain.

'To vows that vainly waste their warmth in air,
Insidious hopes that lead but to despair;
Affections lost, desires the heart must rue,
And Love, and Sparta's joyless plains, adieu!

'Yet still this bosom shall one passion share,
Still shall my country find a father there.
Ev'n now the children of my little reign
Demand that father of the faithless main;

* A mountain in Peloponnesus.

Ev'n now (their prince solicitous to save)
Climb the tall cliff, and watch the changeful wave.

'But not for him their hopes, or fears alone!
They seek the promis'd partner of his throne;
For her their incense breathes, their altars blaze,
For her to Heaven the suppliant eye they raise.
Ah! shall they know their prince implor'd in vain?
Can my heart live beneath a nation's pain?'

There spoke the virtue that her soul admir'd,
The Spartan soul, with patriot ardour fir'd.
'Enough! (she cried)—Be mine to boast a part
In him, who holds his country to his heart:
Worth, honour, faith, that fair affection gives,
And with that virtue, every virtue lives.'*

Pleas'd that the nobler principles could move
His daughter's heart, and soften it to love,
Icarius own'd the auspices divine,
Wove the fair crown,† and bless'd the holy shrine.

But ah! the dreaded parting hour to brave!
Then strong affection griev'd for what it gave.

* Omnes Omnium caritates, &c. *Cic.*

† The women of ancient Greece, at the marriage-ceremony, wore garlands of flowers, probably as emblems of purity, fertility, and beauty. Thus Euripides,

—— αλλ' ὅμως
Σοι κατασεψαι' ἐγανιν ἠγον, ως γαμουμενην.
Iph. in Aul.

The modern Greek ladies wear these garlands in various forms, whenever they appear dressed; and frequently adorn themselves thus for their own amusement, and when they do not expect to be seen by any but their domestics.
Voyage Litteraire de la Grece.

Should he the comfort of his life's decline,
His life's last charm—to Ithaca resign?
Or, wandering with her to a distant shore,
Behold Eurotas' long-lov'd banks no more?
Expose his grey hairs to an alien sky,
Nor on his country's parent bosom die?*

'No, Prince; (he cried) for Sparta's happier plain
Leave the lov'd honours of thy little reign:
The grateful change shall equal honours bring,
—Lord of himself, a Spartan is a King.'

When thus the Prince, with obvious grief oppress,
'Canst thou not force the father from thy breast?
Not without pain behold one child depart,
Yet bid me tear a nation from my heart?
—Not for all Sparta's, all Eubœa's plains'—
He said, and to his coursers gave the reins.

Still the fond sire pursues with suppliant voice,
Till, mov'd, the Monarch yields her to her choice.
'Though mine by vows, by fair affection mine,
And holy truth, and auspices divine;
This suit let fair Penelope decide,
Remain the daughter or proceed the bride.'

O'er the quick blush her friendly mantle fell,
And told him all that modesty could tell.

* The ancients esteemed this one of the greatest misfortunes that could befal them. The Trojans thought it the most lamentable circumstance attending the loss of their pilot Palinurus, that his body should lie in a foreign country.

—Ignotâ, Palinure, jacebis arenâ. *Virgil.*

No longer now the father's fondness strove
With patriot virtue or acknowledg'd love;
But on the scene that parting sighs endear'd,
Fair Modesty's* first honour'd fane he rear'd.

The daughter's form the pictur'd goddess wore,
The daughter's veil† before her blushes bore,
And taught the maids of Greece this sovereign law—
She most shall conquer, who shall most withdraw.

* Pausanius, who has recorded the story on which this little poem is founded, tells us that this was the first temple erected to Modesty in Greece.

† See the veil of Modesty in the 'Musæum Capitolinum,' Vol. III. and for further proofs of its high antiquity, see Hom. Odyss. lib. vi. Claud. Epithal. Honor. where he says,

Et crines festina ligat, *peplumque* fluen tem
Allevat——

Iphig. in Taur. Act iv. and Colut. Rapt. Helen. lib. i. v. 381. where Hermione tears her gold embroidered veil on the disappearance of Helen.

——Aureum quoque rupit capitis tegmen.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

PREFIXED TO THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THEODOSIUS AND CONSTANTIA.

To live beneath the golden star of love,
With happier fancy, passions more refin'd,
Each softening charm of tenderness to prove,
And all the finer movements of the mind—

From gifts like these say, what the boasted gain
Of those who exquisitely feel or know?
The skill from pleasure to extract the pain,
And open all the avenues of woe.

Yet shall we, Colman, at these gifts repine?
Implore cold apathy to steel the heart?
Would you that sensibility resign,
And with those powers of genius would you part.

Ah me! my friend! nor deem the verse divine
That weakness wrote in Petrarch's gentle strain;
When once he own'd at love's unfavouring shrine,
'A thousand pleasures were not worth one pain.'

The dreams of fancy sooth the pensive heart,
For fancy's urn can new delights dispense:
The powers of genius purer joys impart;
For genius brightens all the springs of sense.

O charm of every muse-ennobled mind,
Far, far above the grovelling crowd to rise!—
Leave the low train of trifling cares behind;
Assert its birthright, and affect the skies!

O right divine, the pride of power to scorn!
On fortune's little vanity look down!
With nobler gifts to fairer honours born,
Than fear, or folly, fancies in a crown!

As far each boon that Nature's hand bestows,
The worthless glare of fortune's train exceeds,
As yon fair orb, whose beam eternal glows,
Outshines the transient meteor that it feeds.

To Nature, Colman, let thy incense rise,
For, much indebted, much hast thou to pay;
For taste refin'd, for wit correctly wise,
And keen discernment's soul prevading ray.

To catch the manners from the various face,
To paint the nice diversities of mind,
The living lines of character to trace,
She gave thee powers, and the task assign'd.

Seize, seize the pen; the sacred hour departs!
Nor, led by kindness, longer lend thine ear:
The tender tale of two ingenuous hearts
Would rob thee of a moment and a tear.

THE

COUNTRY JUSTICE.

BY ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE FOR THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET.

PART THE FIRST.

TO

RICHARD BURN, LL. D.

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE PEACE FOR THE COUNTIES OF WESTMORELAND AND CUMBERLAND.

DEAR SIR,

A Poem written professedly at your request, naturally addresses itself to you. The distinction you have acquired on the subject, and your taste for the arts, give that address every kind of propriety. If I have any particular sstisfaction in this publication, beside what arises from my compliance with your commands, it must be in the idea of that testimony it bears to our friendship. If you believe that I am more concerned for the duration of that than of the Poem itself, you will not be mistaken; for I am,

DEAR SIR,

Your truly affectionate brother,

and faithful humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Somersetshire,
April 25, 1774.

THE

COUNTRY JUSTICE.

INTRODUCTION.

In Richard's days, when lost his pastur'd plain,
The wandering Briton sought the wild wood's reign,
With great disdain beheld the feudal horde,
Poor life-let vassals of a Norman Lord;
And, what no brave man ever lost, possess'd
Himself—for Freedom bound him to her breast.

Lov'st thou that Freedom? By her holy shrine,
If yet one drop of British blood be thine,
See, I conjure thee, in the desert shade,
His bow unstrung, his little household laid,
Some brave forefather; while his fields they share,
By Saxon, Dane, or Norman banish'd there!
And thinks he tells thee, as his soul withdraws,
As his heart swells against a tyrant's laws,
The war with Fate, though fruitless to maintain,
To guard that liberty he lov'd in vain.

Were thoughts like these the dream of ancient time?
Peculiar only to some age, or clime?
And does not Nature thoughts like these impart,
Breathe in the soul, and write upon the heart?

Ask on their mountains yon deserted band,
That point to Paoli with no plausive land;
Despising still, their freeborn souls unbroke,
Alike the Gallic and Ligurian yoke!

Yet while the patriot's generous rage we share,
Still civil safety calls us back to care;—
To Britain lost in either Henry's day,
Her woods, her mountains, one wild scene of prey!
Fair Peace from all her bounteous valleys fled,
And law beneath the barbed arrow bled.

In happier days, with more auspicious fate,
The far-fam'd Edward heal'd his wounded state;
Dread of his foes, but to his subjects dear,
These learn'd to love, as those are taught to fear;
Their laurell'd Prince with British pride obey,
His glory shone their discontent away.

With care the tender flower of love to save,
And plant the olive on Disorder's grave,
For civil storms fresh barriers to provide,
He caught the favouring calm and falling tide.

The social laws from insult to protect,
To cherish peace, to cultivate respect;
The rich from wanton cruelty restrain,
To smooth the bed of penury and pain;
The hapless vagrant to his rest restore,
The maze of fraud, the haunts of theft explore;
The thoughtless maiden, when subdued by art,
To aid, and bring her rover to her heart;
Wild riot's voice with dignity to quell,
Forbid unpeaceful passions to rebel,

Wrest from revenge the meditated harm,
For this fair Justice rais'd her sacred arm;
For this the rural magistrate, of yore,
Thy honours, Edward, to his mansion bore.

Oft, where old Air in conscious glory sails,
On silver waves that flow through smiling vales,
In Harewood's groves, where long my youth was laid,
Unseen beneath their ancient world of shade,
With many a group of antique columns crown'd,
In gothic guise such mansion have I found.

Nor lightly deem, ye apes of modern race,
Ye cits that sore bedizen Nature's face,
Of the more manly structures here ye view;
They rose for greatness that ye never knew!
Ye reptile cits, that oft have mov'd my spleen
With Venus, and the Graces on your green!
Let Plutus, growling o'er his ill-got wealth,
Let Mercury, the thriving god of stealth,
The shopman, Janus, with his double looks,
Rise on your mounts, and perch upon your books:
But, spare my Venus, spare each sister Grace,
Ye cits, that sore bedizen Nature's face!

Ye royal architects, whose antic taste,
Would lay the realms of Sense and Nature waste;
Forgot, whenever from her steps ye stray,
That folly only points each other way;
Here, though your eye no courtly creature sees,
Snakes on the ground, or monkeys in the trees;
Yet let not too severe a censure fall,
On the plain precincts of the ancient Hall.

For though no sight your childish fancy meets,
Of Thibet's dogs, or China's paroquets;
Though apes, asps, lizards, things without a tail,
And all the tribes of foreign monsters fail;
Here shall ye sigh to see, with rust o'ergrown,
The iron griffin and the sphinx of stone;
And mourn, neglected in their waste abodes,
Fire-breathing drakes, and water-spouting gods.

Long have these mighty monsters known disgrace,
Yet still some trophies hold their ancient place;
Where round the Hall, the oak's high surbase rears
The field-day triumphs of two-hundred years.

The' enormous antlers here recal the day
That saw the forest-monarch forc'd away;
Who, many a flood, and many a mountain past,
Nor finding those, nor deeming these the last,
O'er floods, o'er mountains yet prepar'd to fly,
Long ere the death-drop fill'd his failing eye!

Here, fam'd for cunning, and in crimes grown old,
Hangs his grey brush, the felon of the fold!
Oft, as the rent-feast swells the midnight cheer,
The maudlin farmer kens him o'er his beer,
And tells his old, traditionary tale,
Though known to every tenant of the vale.

Here, where, of old, the festal ox has fed,
Mark'd with his weight, the mighty horns are spread:
Some ox, O Marshall, for a board like thine,
Where the vast master with the vast sirloin
Vied in round magnitude—Respect I bear
To thee, though oft the ruin of the chair,

These, and such antique tokens, that record
The manly spirit, and the bounteous board,
Me more delight than all the gew-gaw train,
The whims and zigzags of a modern brain;
More, than all Asia's marmosets to view,
Grin, frisk, and water, in the walks of Kew.

Through these fair valleys, stranger, hast thou stray'd,
By any chance, to visit Harewood's shade;
And seen with honest, antiquated air,
In the plain Hall the magistratial chair?
There Herbet sate—the love of human kind,
Pure light of truth, and temperance of mind,
In the free eye the featur'd soul display'd,
Honours strong beam, and Mercy's melting shade;
Justice, that, in the rigid paths of law,
Would still some drops from Pity's fountain draw;
Bend o'er her urn with many a generous fear,
Ere his firm seal should force one orphan's tear;
Fair Equity, and Reason scorning art,
And all the sober virtues of the heart—
These sat with Herbert, these shall best avail,
Where statues order, or where statues fail.
Be this, ye rural Magistrates, your plan;
Firm be your justice, but be friends to Man.

He whom the mighty master of this ball,
We fondly deem, or farcically call,
To own the Patriarch's truth however loth,
Holds but a mansion crush'd before the moth.
Frail in his genius, in his heart too, frail;
Born but to err, and erring to bewail;

Shalt thou his faults with eye severe explore,
And give to life one human weakness more?

Still mark if Vice or Nature prompts the deed;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need:
On pressing Want, on Famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.

For him, who, lost to every hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor Vagrant, feel while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.

Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore:
Who, then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain:
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

O Edward, here thy fairest laurels fade!
And thy long glories darken into shade.
While yet the palms thy hardy veterans won,
The deeds of valour that for thee were done,

While yet the wreaths for which they bravely bled,
Fir'd thy high soul, and flourish'd on thy head,
Those veterans to their native shores return'd,
Like exiles wander'd, and like exiles mourn'd;
Or, left at large no longer to bewail,
Were vagrants deem'd, and destin'd to a gaol!

Were there no royal, yet uncultur'd lands,
No wastes that wanted such subduing hands;
Were Cressy's heroes such abandon'd things?
O fate of war! and gratitude of kings!

The gipsy-race my pity rarely move;
Yet their strong thirst of Liberty I love:
Not Wilkes, our freedom's holy martyr, more;
Nor his firm phalanx of the common shore.

For this in Norwood's patrimonial groves,
The tawny father with his offspring roves;
When summer suns lead slow the sultry day,
In mossy eaves, where swelling waters play,
Fann'd by each gale that cools the fervid sky,
With this in ragged luxury they lie.
Oft at the sun the dusky elfins strain
The sable eye, then, snugging, sleep again;
Oft, as the dews of cooler evening fall,
For their prophetic mother's mantle call.

Far other cares that wandering mother wait,
The mouth, and oft the minister of Fate!
From her to hear, in evening's friendly shade,
Of future fortune, flies the village-maid,
Draws her long-hoarded copper from its hold;
And rusty halfpence purchase hopes of gold.

But ah! ye maids, beware the Gipsy's lures!
She opens not the womb of Time, but yours.
Oft has her hands the hapless Marian wrung,
Marian whom Gay in sweetest strains has sung!
The parson's maid—sore cause had she to rue
The Gipsy's tongue; the parson's daughter too.
Long had that anxious daughter sigh'd to know
What Vellum's sprucy clerk, the valley's beau,
Meant by those glances which at church he stole,
Her father nodding to the psalm's slow drawl;
Long had she sigh'd; at length a prophet came,
By many a sure prediction known to fame,
To Marian known, and all she told, for true:
She knew the future, for the past she knew.

Where, in the darkling shed, the moon's dim rays
Beam'd on the ruins of a one-horse chaise,
Villaria sate, while faithful Marian brought
The wayward prophet of the woe she sought.
Twice did her hands, (the income of the week)
On either side, the crooked sixpence seek;
Twice were those hands withdrawn from either side,
To stop the tittering laugh, the blush to hide,
The wayward prophet made no long delay,
No novice she in Fortune's devious way;
'Ere yet (she cried) ten rolling months are o'er,
Must ye be mothers; maids at least no more.
With you shall soon, O lady fair, prevail
A gentle youth, the flower of this fair vale.
To Marian, once of Colin Clout the scorn,
Shall bumkin come, and bumkinets be born.'

Smote to the heart, the maidens marvell'd sore,
That ten short months had such events in store;

But holding firm, what village maids believe,
'That strife with fate is milking in a sieve;'
To prove their prophet true, though to their cost,
They justly thought no time was to be lost.

These foes to youth, that seek with dangerous art,
To aid the native weakness of the heart;
These miscreants from thy harmless village drive,
As wasps felonious from the labouring hive.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

COUNTRY JUSTICE.

PART THE SECOND.

TO

ROBERT WILSON CRACROFT, ESQ.

Born with a gentle heart, and born to please
With native goodness, of no fortune vain;
The social aspect of inviting ease,
The kind opinion, and the sense humane;

To thee, my Cracroft, whom in early youth,
With lenient hand, and anxious love, I led
Through paths where science points to manly truth,
And glory gilds the mansions of the dead:

To thee this offering of maturer thought,
That, since wild Fancy flung the lyre aside,
With heedful hand the Moral Muse hath wrought,
That Muse devotes, and bears with honest pride.

Yet not that period of the human year,
When Fancy reign'd shall we with pain review;
All Nature's seasons different aspects wear,
And now her flowers, and now her fruits are due.

Not that in youth we rang'd the smiling meads,
On Essex' shores the trembling angle play'd,
Urging at noon the slow boat in the reeds,
That wav'd their green uncertainty of shade.

Nor yet the days consum'd in Hackthorn's vale,
That lonely on the heath's wild bosom lies,
Should we with stern severity bewail,
And all the *lighter* hours of life despise.

For Nature's seasons different aspects wear,
And now her flowers, and now her fruits are due:
Awhile she freed us from the scourge of Care,
But told us *then*—for social ends we grew.

To find some virtue trac'd on life's short page,
Some mark of service paid to human kind,
Alone can cheer the wintry paths of age,
Alone support the far-reflecting mind.

Oh! often thought—(when Smith's discerning care
To further days prolong'd this failing frame!)
To die, was little—But what heart could bear
To die, and leave an undistinguish'd name!

BLAGDON HOUSE,
Feb. 22, 1775.

THE

COUNTRY JUSTICE.

YET,* while thy rod restrains the needy crew,
Remember that thou art their monarch too:
King of the Beggars! Lov'st thou not the name?
O, great from Ganges to the golden Thame!
Far-ruling Sovereign of this begging ball,
Low at thy footstool other thrones shall fall.
His alms to thee the whisker'd Moor convey,†
And Prussia's sturdy beggar own thy sway;
Courts, senates—all to Baal that bend the knee;‡
King of the Beggars! these are fiefs to thee.

But still forgot the grandeur of thy reign,
Descend to duties meaner crowns disdain;
That worst excrecency of power forego,
That *pride* of kings, Humanity's first foe.

Let age no longer toil with feeble strife,
Worn by long service in the war of life;

* Refers to the conclusion of the First Part. See page 184.

† The Mahometan Princes seem to have a regular system of begging. Nothing so common as to hear that the Dey of Algiers, &c. &c. are dissatisfied with their presents. It must be owned, it would be for the welfare of the world, if Princes in general would adhere to the maxim, that 'it is better to beg than to steal.'

‡ ———Tu poscis vilia rerum.
Quamvis fers te nullius egentem. HOR.

Nor leave the head, that time hath whiten'd, bare
To the rude insults of the searching air;
Nor bid the knee, by labour harden'd, bend;
O thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend!

If, when from Heaven severer seasons fall,
Fled from the frozen roof, and mouldering wall,
Each face the picture of a winter-day,
More strong than Teniers' pencil could portray;—
If then to thee resort the shivering train,
Of cruel days and cruel man complain,
Say to thy heart (remember him who said)
'These people come from far, and have no bread.'

Nor leave thy venal clerk empower'd to hear;
The voice of want is sacred to *thy* ear.
He, where no fees his sordid pen invite,
Sports with their tears, too indolent to write;
Like the fed monkey in the fable, vain
To hear more helpless animals complain.

But chief thy notice shall one monster claim,
A monster furnish'd with a human frame,
The parish-officer! though Verse disdain
Terms that deform the splendour of the strain:
It stoops to bid thee bend the brow severe
On the sly, pilfering, cruel overseer:
The shuffling farmer, faithful to no trust,
Ruthless as rocks, insatiate as the dust!

When the poor hind, with length of years decay'd,
Leans feebly on his once-subduing spade,
Forgot the service of his abler days,
His profitable toil, and honest praise,

Shall this low wretch abridge his scanty bread,
This slave, whose board his former labours spread?

When harvest's burning suns and sickening air
From labour's unbrac'd hand the grasp'd hook tear;
Where shall the helpless family be fed,
That vainly languish for a father's bread?
See the pale mother, sunk with grief and care,
To the proud farmer fearfully repair;
Soon to be sent with insolence away,
Referr'd to vestries, and a distant day!
Referr'd—to perish!—Is my verse severe?
Unfriendly to the human character?
Ah! to this sigh of sad experience trust:
The truth is rigid, but the tale is just.

If in thy courts this caitiff wretch appear,
Think not that patience were a virtue here.
His low-born pride with honest rage control;
Smite his hard heart, and shake his reptile soul.

But, hapless! oft through fear of future woe,
And certain vengeance of the' insulting foe,
Oft, ere to thee the poor prefer their pray'r,
The last extremes of penury they bear.

Wouldst thou then raise thy patriot office higher,
To something more than magistrate aspire?
And (left each poorer, pettier chase behind,)
Step nobly forth, the friend of human kind?
The game I start, courageously pursue:
Adieu to fear! to indolence adieu!
And, first, we'll range this mountain's stormy side,
Where the rude winds the shepherd's roof deride,

As meet no more the wintry blast to bear,
And all the wild hostilities of air.
—That roof have I remember'd many a year;
It once gave refuge to a hunted deer—
Here, in those days, we found an aged pair;—
But Time untenants—Hah! what seest thou there?
'Horror!—By Heaven, extended on a bed
Of naked fern, two human creatures dead!
Embracing as alive!—ah, no!—no life!
Cold, breathless!'—
'Tis the shepherd and his wife.
I knew the scene, and brought thee to behold
What speaks more strongly than the story told,
They died through want—
'By every power I swear,
If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the air,
Through whose default of duty or design,
These victims fell, he dies—'
They fell by thine!
'Infernal!—Mine!—by—'
Swear on no pretence:
A swearing justice wants both grace and sense.

When thy good father held this wide domain,
The voice of sorrow never mourn'd in vain.
Sooth'd by his pity, by his bounty fed,
The sick found medicine, and the aged bread.
He left their interest to no parish care,
No bailiff urg'd his little empire there:
No village tyrant starv'd them, or oppress'd—
He learnt their wants, and he those wants redress'd.

E'en these, unhappy! who, beheld too late,
Smote thy young heart with horror at their fate,

His bounty found, and destin'd here to keep
A small detachment of his mountain-sheep.
Still pleas'd to see them from the annual fair
The' unwritten history of their profits bear;
More nobly pleas'd those profits to restore,
And, if their fortune fail'd them, make it more.

When nature gave her precept to remove
His kindred spirit to the realms of love,
Afar their anguish from thy distant ear,
No arm to save, and no protection near,
Led by the lure of unaccounted gold,
Thy bailiff seiz'd their little flock, and sold.

Their want contending parishes survey'd,
And this disown'd, and that refus'd to aid;
A while, who should *not* succour them, they tried,
And in that while the wretched victims died.

'I'll scalp that bailiff—sacrifice'—
In vain
To rave at mischief if the cause remain!

O days long lost to man in each degree,
The golden days of hospitality!
When liberal fortunes vied with liberal strife
To fill the noblest offices of life;
When wealth was Virtue's handmaid, and her gate
Gave a free refuge from the wrongs of fate;
The poor at hand their natural patrons saw,
And lawgivers were supplements of law!

Lost are those days, and Fashion's boundless sway
Has borne the guardian magistrate away.
Save in Augusta's streets, on Gallia's shore,
The rural patron is beheld no more.

No more the poor his kind protection share,
Unknown their wants, and unreceiv'd their pray'r.

Yet has that Fashion (long so light and vain)
Reform'd at last, and led the moral train?
Have her gay votaries nobler worth to boast
For Nature's love, for Nature's virtue lost?
No—fled from these, the sons of fortune find
What poor respect to wealth remains behind:
The mock regard alone of menial slaves,
The worship'd calves of their outwitting knaves!

Foregone the social, hospitable days,
When wide vales echoed with their owner's praise,
Of all that ancient consequence bereft,
What has the modern Man of Fashion left?—
Does he, perchance, to rural scenes repair,
And 'waste his sweetness' on the essenc'd air?
Ah! gently lave the feeble frame he brings,
Ye scouring seas, and ye sulphureous springs!

And thou, Brighthelmstone, where no cits annoy,
(All borne to Margate, in the Margate-hoy,)
Where, if the hasty creditor advance,
Lies the light skiff, and ever-bailing France,
Do thou defend him in the dog-day suns!
Secure in winter from the rage of duns!
While the grim catchpole, the grim porter swear,
One that he is, and one, he is not there,
The tortur'd usurer, as he murmurs by,
Eyes the Venetian blinds, and heaves a sigh.

O, from each title folly ever took,
Blood! Maccarone! Cicisbeo! Rook!.

From each low passion, from each low resort,
The thieving alley, nay the righteous court;
From Betty's, Almack's, Arthur's, and the nest
Where Judah's ferrets earth with Charles unblest;
From these and all the garbage of the great,
At Honour's, Freedom's, Virtue's call—retreat!

Has the fair vale, where rest, conceal'd in flowers,
Lies in sweet ambush for thy careless hours,
The breeze, that, balmy fragrance to infuse,
Bathes its soft wing in aromatic dews;
The stream, to soothe thine ear, to cool thy breast,
That mildly murmurs from its crystal rest;—
Have these less charms to win, less power to please,
Than haunts of rapine, harbours of disease?

Will no kind slumbers o'er thine eyelids creep,
Save where the sullen watchman growls at sleep?
Does morn no sweeter, purer breath diffuse,
Than steams through alleys from the lungs of Jews?
And is thy water, bent in putrid wood,
Bethesda-like, when troubled only good?

Is it thy passion Linley's voice to hear,
And has no mountain-lark detain'd thine ear?
Song marks alone the tribes of airy wing;
For, trust me, man was never meant to sing:
And all his mimic organs e'er exprest,
Was but an imitative howl at best.

Is it on Garrick's attitude you doat?
See on the pointed cliff yon lordly goat!
Like Lear's, his beard descends in graceful snow,
And wild he looks upon the world below.

Superior *here* the scene in every part!
Here reigns great Nature, and there little Art!
Here let thy life assume a nobler plan,
To Nature faithful, and the friend of man!

Unnumber'd objects ask thy honest care,
Beside the orphan's tear, the widow's pray'r:
Far as thy power can save, thy bounty bless,
Unnumber'd evils call for thy redress.

Seest thou afar yon solitary thorn,
Whose aged limbs the heath's wild winds have torn?
While yet to cheer the homeward shepherd's eye,
A *few* seem straggling in the evening-sky!
Not many suns have hasten'd down the day,
Or blushing moons immers'd in clouds their way,
Since there a scene, that stain'd their sacred light,
With horror stopp'd a felon in his flight;
A babe just born, that signs of life exprest,
Lay naked o'er the mother's lifeless breast.
The pitying robber, conscious that, pursued,
He had no time to waste, yet stood and view'd;
To the next cot the trembling infant bore,
And gave a part of what he stole before;
Nor known to him the wretches were, nor dear;
He felt as man, and dropp'd a human tear.

Far other treatment she who breathless lay,
Found from a viler animal of prey.
Worn with long toil on many a painful road,
That toil increas'd by Nature's growing load,
When evening brought the friendly hour of rest,
And all the mother throng'd about her breast,

The ruffian-officer oppos'd her stay,
And, cruel, bore her in her pangs, away,
So far beyond the town's last limits drove,
That to return were hopeless, had she strove.
Abandon'd there—with famine, pain, and cold,
And anguish, she expir'd—the rest I've told.

'Now *let* me swear—For, by my soul's last sigh,
That thief shall live, that overseer shall die.'

Too late!—His life the generous robber paid,
Lost by that pity which his steps delay'd!
No soul-discerning Mansfield sat to hear,
No Hertford* bore his prayer to mercy's ear;
No liberal justice first assign'd the jail,
Or urg'd, as Camplin would have urg'd, his tale.

The living object of thy honest rage,
Old in parochial crimes, and steel'd with age,
The grave churchwarden! unabash'd he bears
Weekly to church, his book of wicked prayers;
And pours, with all the blasphemy of praise,
His creeping soul in Sternhold's creeping lays!

* The Countess of Hertford had successfully interceded, in procuring the king's pardon for Savage the Poet. See Dr. Johnson's lives of the Poets.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE

COUNTRY JUSTICE.

PART THE THIRD.

TO

THOMAS SMITH, M. D.

Of Wrington, in the County of Somerset,

THIS LAST OF THE LITTLE POEMS,

INTENDED TO CULTIVATE,

IN

THE PROVINCIAL ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE,

THAT HUMANITY

BY WHICH HE IS SO AMIABLY DISTINGUISHED,

IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED,

MOST AFFECTIONATE,

AND

MOST FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

THE

COUNTRY JUSTICE.

O, No! Sir John:*—the Muse's gentle art
Lives not to blemish, but to mend the heart.
While Gay's brave robber grieves us for his fate,
We hold the harpies of his life in hate.
Ingenuous youth, by Nature's voice addrest,
Finds not the harden'd, but the feeling breast;
Can form no wish the dire effects to prove
Of lawless valour, or of venal love;
Approves the fondness of the faithful maid,
And mourns a generous passion unrepaid.
Yet would I praise the pious zeal that saves
Imperial London from her world of knaves;
Yet would I count it no inglorious strife,
To scourge the pests of property and life.

Come then, long skill'd in thefts illusive ways,
Lord of the clue, that thrids her mighty maze!
Together let us beat all Giles's fields,
Try what the night-house, what the round-house yields,
Hang when we must, be candid when we please,
But leave no baw'd unlicens'd, at her ease.

* Sir John Fielding presided at the Bow-street Police Office.

Say first, of thieves above, or thieves below,
What can we order till their haunts we know?
Far from St. James's let your Nimrods stray,
But stop and call at Stephen's in their way.
That ancient victualler, we've been told, of late,
Has kept bad hours, encourag'd high debate;
That those without, still pelting those within,
Have stunn'd the peaceful neighbours with their din;
That if you close his private walls invest,
'Tis odds, you meet with some unruly guest—
Good Lord, Sir John, how would the people stare,
To see the present and the late Lord Mayor,*
Bow to the majesty of Bow-street chair!

Illustrious chiefs! can I your haunts pass by,
Nor give my long-lov'd Liberty a sigh?
That heavenly plant which long unblemish'd blew,
Dishonour'd only, only hurt by you!
Dishonour'd, when with harden'd front you claim
To deeds of darkness her diviner name!
For you grim License strove with hydra-breath
To spread the blasts of pestilence and death:
Here for poor vice, for dark ambition there,
She scatter'd poison through the social air.
Yet here in vain—Oh, had her toil been vain,
When with black wing she swept the western main;
When with low labour, and insidious art,
She tore a daughter from her parent's heart!

Oh, Patriots, ever patriots out of place,
Fair Honour's foil, and Liberty's disgrace;

* This was written about the year 1776.

With spleen I see your wild illusions spread
Through the long region of a land misled;
See Commerce sink, see Cultivation's charms
Lost in the rage of anarchy and arms!
And thou, O Chatham! once a nation's pride,
Borne on the brightest wave of glory's tide;
Hast thou the parent spurn'd, the erring child
With prospects vain to ruin's arms beguil'd?
Hast thou the plans of dire defection prais'd,
For the poor pleasure of a statue rais'd?

Oh, Patriots, ever patriots out of place,
From Charles quite graceless, up to Grafton's grace!
Where forty-five once mark'd the dirty door,
And the chain'd knife* invites the paltry whore;
Though far, methinks, the choicest guests are fled,
And Wilkes and Humphrey number'd with the dead;
Wilkes, who in death would friendship's vows fulfil,
True to his cause, and dines with Humphrey still—
Where sculks each dark, where roams each desperate wight,
Owls of the day, and vultures of the night,—
Shall we, O Knight! with cruel pains, explore,
Clear these low walks, and think the business o'er?
No—much, alas! for you, for me remains,
Where Justice sleeps, and Depredation reigns.

Wrapt in kind darkness, you no spleen betray
When the gilt Nabob lacqueys all the way;
Harmless to you his towers, his forests rise,
That swell with anguish my indignant eyes;

* Chained to the table, to prevent depredations.

While in those towers raz'd villages I see,
And tears of orphans watering every tree,
Are these mock-ruins that invade my view?—
These are the entrails of the poor Gentoo.
That column's trophied base his bones supply;
That lake the tears that swell'd his sable eye!
Let here, O Knight! their steps terrific steer
Thy hue and cry, and loose thy bloodhounds here.

Oh, Mercy! thron'd on His eternal breast,
Who breath'd the savage waters into rest;
By each soft pleasure that thy bosom smote,
When first Creation started from his thought;
By each warm tear that melted o'er thine eye,
When on his works was written 'These must die!'
If secret slaughter yet, nor cruel war,
Have from these mortal regions forc'd thee far;
Still to our follies, to our frailties blind,
Oh, stretch thy healing wings o'er human kind!
—For them I ask not, hostile to thy sway,
Who calmly on a brother's vitals prey;
For them I plead not, who, in blood embrued,
Have every softer sentiment subdued.

Yet, gentle power, thy absence I bewail,
When seen the dank, dark regions of a jail;
When found alike in chains and night enclos'd,
The thief detected, and the thief suppos'd!
Sure, the fair light and the salubrious air
Each *yet-suspected* prisoner might share.
—To lie to languish in some dreary cell,
Some loathed hold, where guilt and horror dwell;
Ere yet the truth of seeming facts be tried,
Ere yet their country's sacred voice decide,

Britain, behold thy citizens expos'd,
And blush to think the gothic age unclos'd!

Oh, more than Goths, who yet decline to raze
That pest of James's puritanic days,
The savage law* that barbarously ordains
'*For female virtue lost, a felon's pains!*'—
Dooms the poor maiden, as her fate severe,
To toil and chains a long-enduring year.

The' unnatural monarch, to the sex unkind,
An owl obscene, in learning's sunshine blind!
Councils of pathics, cabinets of tools,
Benches of knaves, and parliaments of fools!
Fanatic fools, that in those twilight times,
With wild religion cloak'd the worst of crimes!—
Hope we from such a crew, in such a reign,
For equal laws, or policy humane?

Here, then, O Justice! thy own power forbear;
The sole protector of the' unpitied fair.
Though long intreat the ruthless overseer;
Though the loud vestry tease the tortur'd ear;
Though all to acts, to precedents appeal;
Mute be thy pen, and vacant rest thy seal.

Yet shalt thou know, nor is the difference nice,
The casual fall from impudence of vice:
Abandon'd guilt by active laws restrain,
But pause——if Virtue's slightest spark remain,
Left to the shameless lash, the hardening jail,
The fairest thoughts of modesty would fail.

* 7 Jac. c. 4.

The down-cast eye, the tear that flows amain,
As if to ask her innocence again;
The plantive babe, that slumbering seem'd to lie
On her soft breast, and wakes at the heav'd sigh;
The cheek that wears the beauteous robe of shame;
How loth they leave a gentle breast to blame!

Here, then, O Justice! thy own power forbear;—
The sole protector of the' unpitied fair!

OWEN OF CARRON.

THERE is something romantic in the story of the following Poem; but the Author has his reasons for believing that there is something likewise authentic. On the simple circumstances of the ancient narrative, from which he first borrowed his idea, those reasons are principally founded; and they are supported by others, with which, in a work of this kind, to trouble his readers would be superfluous.

On Carron's side the primrose pale,
  Why does it wear a purple hue?
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,
  Why stream your eyes with Pity's dew?

'Tis all with gentle Owen's blood
  That purple grows the primrose pale;
That Pity pours the tender flood
  From each fair eye in Marlivale.

The evening-star sate in his eye,
  The sun his golden tresses gave,
The north's pure morn her orient dye,
  To him who rests in yonder grave!

Beneath no high, historic stone,
  Though nobly born, is Owen laid,
Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,
  He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
  And fled before the mountain gale,
Since first his simple dirge ye sung;
  Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

Yet still, when May with fragrant feet
Hath wander'd o'er your meads of gold,
That dirge I hear so simply sweet
Far echoed from each evening fold.

II.

'Twas in the pride of William's* day,
When Scotland's honours flourish'd still,
That Moray's earl, with mighty sway,
Bore rule o'er many a Highland hill:

And far, for him, their fruitful store
The fairer plains of Carron spread;
In fortune rich, in offspring poor,
An only daughter crown'd his bed.

Oh! write not poor—the wealth that flows
In waves of gold round India's throne,
All in her shining breast that glows,
To Ellen's† charms, were earth and stone.

For her the youth of Scotland sigh'd,
The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
And smoother Italy applied,
And many an English baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assail'd,
No foreign loves her breast beguile,
And England's honest valour fail'd,
Paid with a cold, but courteous smile.

* William the Lion, King of Scotland.

† The Lady Ellen, only daughter of John Earl of Moray, betrothed to the Earl of Nithisdale, and afterwards to the Earl Barnard, was esteemed one of the finest women in Europe, insomuch that she had several suitors and admirers from foreign courts.

'Ah! woe to thee, young Nithisdale,
That o'er thy cheek those roses stray'd;
Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
Thy voice, the music of the shade!

'Ah! woe to thee, that Ellen's love
Alone to thy soft tale would yield!
For soon those gentle arms shall prove
The conflict of a ruder field.'

'Twas thus a wayward sister spoke,
And cast a rueful glance behind,
As from her dim wood-glen she broke,
And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke and vanish'd—more unmov'd
Than Moray's rocks, when storms invest,
The valiant youth by Ellen lov'd
With aught that fear, or fate suggest.

For Love, methinks, hath power to raise
The soul beyond a vulgar state;
The' unconquer'd banners he displays
Control our fears, and fix our fate.

III.

'Twas when, on summer's softest eve,
Of clouds that wander'd west away,
Twilight with gentle hand did weave
Her fairy-robe of night and day.

When all the mountain gales were still,
And the wave slept against the shore,
And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lemmermore:*

* A chain of mountains running through Scotland from east to west.

Led by those waking dreams of thought
That warm the young unpractis'd breast,
Her wonted bower sweet Ellen sought,
And Carron murmur'd near, and soothed her into rest.

IV.

There is some kind and courtly sprite
That o'er the realm of Fancy reigns,
Throws sunshine on the mask of night,
And smiles at Slumber's powerless chains:
'Tis told, and I believe the tale,
At this soft hour that sprite was there,
And spread with fairer flowers the vale,
And fill'd with sweeter sounds the air.

A bower he fram'd, (for he could frame
What long might weary mortal wight,
Swift as the lightning's rapid flame
Darts on the unsuspecting sight:)
Such bower he fram'd with magic hand,
As well that wizard bard hath wove,
In scenes where fair Armida's wand
Wav'd all the witcheries of love.

Yet it was wrought in simple show;
Nor Indian mines nor orient shores
Had lent their glories here to glow,
Or yielded here their shining stores.

All round a poplar's trembling arms
The wild-rose wound her damask flower;
The woodbine lent her spicy charms,
That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The ash that courts the mountain-air,
In all her painted blooms array'd,
The wilding's blossom blushing fair,
Combin'd to form the flowery shade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,
The cowslip's sweet reclining head,
The violet of sky-woven vest,
Was all the fairy ground bespread.

But, who is he, whose locks so fair
Adown his manly shoulders flow?
Beside him lies the hunter's spear,
Beside him sleep's the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle sprite,
Thy sweet seductive arts forbear)
He courts her arms with fond delight,
And instant vanishes in air.

V.

Hast thou not found at early dawn
Some soft ideas melt away,
If o'er sweet vale, or flowery lawn,
The sprite of dreams hath bid thee stray?

Hast thou not some fair object seen,
And, when the fleeting form was past,
Still on thy memory found its mien,
And felt the fond idea last?

Thou hast—and oft the pictur'd view,
Seen in some vision counted vain,
Has struck thy wondering eye anew,
And brought the long-lost dream again.

With warrior-bow, with hunter's spear,
With locks adown his shoulders spread,
Young Nithisdale is ranging near—
He's ranging near yon mountain's head.

Scarce had one pale moon pass'd away,
And fill'd her silver urn again,
When in the devious chase to stray,
Afar from all his woodland train,

To Carron's banks his fate consign'd,
And, all to shun the fervid hour,
He sought some friendly shade to find,
And found the visionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden star of Love,
Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
And in the deep-defending grove
Sought refuge from the fervid day—

Oh!—who is he whose ringlets fair
Disorder'd o'er his green vest flow,
Reclin'd in rest—whose sunny hair
Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow?

'Tis he, that sprite's illusive guest,
(Ah me! that sprites can fate control!)
That lives still imag'd on her breast,
That lives still pictur'd in her soul.

As when some gentle spirit fled
From earth to breathe elysian air,
And, in the train whom we call dead,
Perceives its long-lov'd partner there;

Soft, sudden pleasure rushes o'er,
Resistless, o'er its airy frame,
To find its future fate restore
The object of its former flame.

So Ellen stood—less power to move
Had he, who, bound in Slumber's chain,
Seem'd haply, o'er his hills to rove,
And wind his woodland chase again.

She stood, but trembled—mingled fear,
And fond delight, and melting love,
Seiz'd all her soul; she came not near,
She came not near that fated grove.

She strives to fly—from wizard's wand
As well might powerless captive fly—
The new-cropt flower falls from her hand—
Ah! fall not with that flower to die!

VII.

Hast thou not seen some azure gleam
Smile in the morning's orient eye,
And skirt the reddening cloud's soft beam
What time the sun was hasting nigh?

Thou hast—and thou canst fancy well
As any Muse that meets thine ear,
The soul-set eye of Nithisdale,
When wak'd, it fix'd on Ellen near.

Silent they gaz'd—that silence broke;
'Hail, goddess of these groves (he cried),
O let me wear thy gentle yoke!
O let me in thy service bide!

'For thee I'll climb the mountain steep,
Unwearied chase the destin'd prey;
For thee I'll pierce the wild-wood deep,
And part the sprays that vex thy way;

'For thee'—'O stranger, cease,' (she said),
And swift away, like Daphne, flew;
But Daphne's flight was not delay'd
By aught that to her bosom grew.

'Twas Atalanta's golden fruit,
The fond idea that confin'd
Fair Ellen's steps, and bless'd his suit,
Who was not far, not far behind.

VIII.

O Love! within those golden vales,
Those genial airs where thou wast born;
Where Nature, listening thy soft tales,
Leans on the rosy breast of Morn:

Where the sweet Smiles, the Graces dwell,
And tender sighs the heart remove,
In silent eloquence to tell
Thy tale, O soul-subduing Love!

Ah! wherefore should grim Rage be nigh,
And dark Distrust, with changeful face,
And Jealousy's reverted eye
Be near thy fair, thy favaur'd place?

IX.

Earl Barnard was of high degree,
And lord of many a lowland hind;
And long for Ellen love had he,
Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From Moray's halls her absent hour
He watch'd with all a miser's care;
The wide domain, the princely dower
Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah, wretch! to think the liberal soul
May thus with fair affection part!
Though Lothian's vales thy sway controul,
Know, Lothian is not worth one heart.

Studious he marks her absent hour,
And, winding far where Carron flows,
Sudden he sees the fated bower,
And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he?—'Tis Nithisdale!
And that fair form with arm reclin'd
On his?—'Tis Ellen of the vale,
'Tis she (O powers of vengeance!) kind.

Should he that vengeance swift pursue?
No—that would all his hopes destroy;
Moray would vanish from his view,
And rob him of a miser's joy.

Unseen to Moray's halls he hies—
He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,
And 'Haste to yonder groves, (he cries)
And ambush'd lie by Carron's strand.

'What time ye mark from bower or glen
A gentle lady take her way,
To distance due, and far from ken,
Allow her length of time to stray;

'Then ransack straight that range of groves:
With hunter's spear, and vest of green,
If chance, a rosy stripling roves,
Ye well can aim your arrows keen.'

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,
And Ellen takes her homeward way:
Though stay'd by many a tender sigh,
She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive, against yon poplar pale,
The lover leans his gentle heart,
Revolving many a tender tale,
And wondering still how they could part.

Three arrows pierc'd the desert air,
Ere yet his tender dreams depart;
And one struck deep his forehead fair,
And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is lost in sleep—
He lies beneath yon poplar pale;
Ah! could we marvel ye should weep;
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

X.

When all the mountain-gales were still,
And the wave slept against the shore,
And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lemmermore;

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
Along the fairy-featur'd vale:
Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
And soon she'll meet her Nithisdale.

She'll meet him soon—for at her sight
Swift as the mountain-deer he sped:
The evening shades will sink in night,—
Where art thou, loitering lover, fled?

O! she will chide thy trifling stay,
E'en now the soft reproach she frames:
'Can lovers brook such long delay?
Lovers that boast of ardent flames!'

He comes not—weary with the chase,
Soft Slumber o'er his eyelids throws
Her veil—we'll steal one dear embrace,
We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread—
He sloeps beneath yon poplar pale—
Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
Thy heart will far forego my tale!

XI.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
She's not in Moray's splendid train;
Their mistress dear at midnight hour,
Her weeping maidens seek in vain.

Her pillow swells not deep with down;
For her no balms their sweets exhale:
Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
Press'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
The broom its yellow leaf hath shed,
And the chill mountain's early air
Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the soft star of orient day,
When clouds involve his rosy light,
Darts through the gloom a transient ray,
And leaves the world once more to night;

Returning life illumes her eye,
And slow its languid orb unfolds—
What are those bloody arrows nigh?
Sure, bloody arrows she beholds!

What was that form so ghastly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay?—
'Twas some poor youth—Ah, Nithisdale!'
She said, and silent sunk away.

XII.

The morn is on the mountains spread,
The woodlark trills his liquid strain—
Can morn's sweet music rouse the dead?
Give the set eye its soul again?

A shepherd of that gentler mind
Which Nature not profusely yields,
Seeks in these lonely shades to find
Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghast he stands—and simple fear
Q'er all his paly visage glides—
'Ah me! what means this misery here?
What fate this lady fair betides?'

He bears her to his friendly home,
When life, he finds, has but retir'd;—
With haste he frames the lover's tomb,
For his is quite, is quite expir'd!

XIII.

'O hide me in thy humble bower,
(Returning late to life she said;)
I'll bind thy crook with many a flower;
With many a rosy wreath thy head.

'Good shepherd, haste to yonder grove,
And, if my love asleep is laid,
Oh! wake him not; but softly move
Some pillow to that gentle head.

'Sure, thou wilt know him, shepherd-swain,
Thou know'st the sun rise o'er the sea—
But oh! no lamb in all thy train
Was e'er so mild, so mild as he.'—

'His head is on the wood-moss laid;
I did not wake his slumber deep—
Sweet sings the redbreast o'er the shade—
Why, gentle lady, would you weep?'

As flowers that fade in burning day,
At evening find the dew-drop dear,
But fiercer feel the noon-tide ray,
When soften'd by the nightly tear;

Returning in the flowing tear,
This lovely flower, more sweet than they,
Found her fair soul, and, wandering near,
The stranger, Reason, cross'd her way.

Found her fair soul—Ah! so to find
Was but more dreadful grief to know!
Ah! sure the privilege of mind
Can not be worth the wish of woe.

XIV.

On Melancholy's silent urn
A softer shade of sorrow falls,
But Ellen can no more return,
No more return to Moray's halls.

Beneath the low and lonely shade
The slow-consuming hour she'll weep,
Till Nature seeks her last-left aid,
In the sad, sombrous arms of sleep.

'These jewels, all unmeet for me,
Shalt thou, (she said) good shepherd, take;
These gems will purchase gold for thee,
And these be thine for Ellen's sake.

'So, fail thou not, at eve and morn,
The rosemary's pale bough to bring—
Thou know'st where I was found forlorn—
Where thou has heard the redbreast sing.

'Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,
Or aid thy shepherdess's care,
For I will share her humble toil,
And I her friendly roof will share.'

XV.

And now two longsome years are past
In luxury of lonely pain—
The lovely mourner, found at last,
To Moray's halls is borne again.

Yet has she left one object dear,
That wears Love's sunny eye of joy—
Is Nithisdale reviving here?
Or is it but a shepherd's boy?

By Carron's side, a shepherd's boy,
He binds his vale-flowers with the reed;
He wears Love's sunny eye of joy,
And birth he little seems to heed.

XVI.

But ah! no more his infant-sleep
Closes beneath a mother's smile,
Who, only when it clos'd, would weep,
And yield to tender woe the while.

No more, with fond attention dear,
She seeks the' unspoken wish to find;
No more shall she, with pleasure's tear,
See the soul waxing into mind.

XVII.

Does Nature bear a tyrant's breast?
Is she the friend of stern control?
Wears she the despot's purple vest?
Or fetters she the free-born soul?

Where, worst of tyrants, is thy claim
In chains thy children's breasts to bind?
Gav'st thou the Promethéan flame?
The incommunicable mind?

Thy offspring are great Nature's,—free,
And of her fair dominion heirs:
Each privilege she gives to thee;
Know, that each privilege is theirs.

They have thy feature, wear thine eye,
Perhaps some feelings of thy heart;
And wilt thou their lov'd hearts deny
To act their fair, their proper part?

XVIII.

The lord of Lothian's fertile vale,
Ill-fated Ellen, claims thy hand;
Thou know'st not that thy Nithisdale
Was low laid by his ruffian-band:

And Moray, with unfather'd eyes,
Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale,
Attends his human sacrifice,
Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married Love! thy bard shall own,
Where two congenial souls unite,
Thy golden chain inlaid with down,
Thy lamp with Heaven's own splendour bright.

But if no radiant star of love,
O Hymen! smile on thy fair rite,
Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has Time's slow wandering wing
Borne many a year unmark'd with speed—
Where is the boy by Carron's spring,
Who bound his vale-flowers with the reed?

Ah me! those flowers he binds no more;
No early charm returns again;
The parent, Nature, keeps in store
Her best joys for her little train.

No longer heed the sun-beam bright
That plays on Carron's breast he can;
Reason has lent her quivering light,
And shown the chequer'd field of man.

XX.

As the first human heir of earth
With pensive eye himself survey'd,
And, all unconscious of his birth,
Sat thoughtful oft in Eden's shade;

In pensive thought so Owen stray'd
Wild Carron's lonely woods among,
And once, within their greenest glade,
He fondly fram'd this simple song:

XXI.

'Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
Why am I tales of ladies told?
Why does no labour me employ,
If I am but a shepherd's boy?

'A silken vest like mine so green
In shepherd's hut I have not seen—
Why should I in such vesture joy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy?

'I know it is no shepherd's art
His written meaning to impart—
They teach me, sure, an idle toy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy.

'This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
It could not come from shepherd's farm;
It only would that arm annoy,
If I were but a shepherd's boy.

'And, O thou silent picture fair!
That lov'st to smile upon me there,
O say, and fill my heart with joy,
That I am not a shepherd's boy.'

XXII.

Ah, lovely youth! thy tender lay
May not thy gentle life prolong:
See'st thou yon nightingale a prey?
The fierce hawk hovering o'er his song?

His little heart is large with love:
He sweetly hails his evening-star,
And fate's more pointed arrows move,
Insidious, from his eye afar.

XXIII.

The shepherdess, whose kindly care
Had watch'd o'er Owen's infant breath,
Must now their silent mansions share,
Whom Time leads calmly down to death:

'O tell me, parent if thou art,
What is this lovely picture dear?
Why wounds its mournful eye my heart,
Why flows from mine the' unbidden tear?'—

'Ah! youth! to leave thee loth am I,
Though I be not thy parent dear;
And would'st thou wish or ere I die,
The story of thy birth to hear?

'But it will make thee much bewail,
And it will make thy fair eye swell'—
She said, and told the woesome tale,
As sooth as shepherdess might tell.

XXIV.

The heart that, sorrow doom'd to share,
Has worn the frequent seal of woe,
Its sad impressions learns to bear,
And finds, full oft, its ruin slow:

But when that seal is first imprest,
When the young heart its pain shall try,
From the soft, yielding, trembling breast,
Oft seems the startled soul to fly.

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze
In paleness cloth'd, and lifted hands,
And horror's dread, unmeaning gaze,
Mark the poor statue, as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life
Look'd wistful for the tear to glide;
But, when she saw his tearless strife,
Silent, she lent him one,—and died.

XXV.

'No, I am not a shepherd's boy,'
(Awaking from his dream, he said)
'Ah! where is now the promis'd joy
Of this?—for ever, ever fled!

'O picture dear!—for her lov'd sake
How fondly could my heart bewail!
My friendly shepherdess, O wake,
And tell me more of this sad tale.

'O tell me more of this sad tale—
No; thou enjoy thy gentle sleep!
And I will go to Lothian's vale.
And more than all her waters weep.'

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian's vale is fled—
Earl Barnard's lofty towers appear—
'O! art thou there; (the full heart said)
O! art thou there, my parent dear?'

Yes, she is there: from idle state
Oft has she stole her hour to weep;
Think how she 'by thy cradle sate,'
And how she 'fondly saw thee sleep.'*

Now tries his trembling hand to frame
Full many a tender line of love;
And still he blots the parent's name,
For that, he fears, might fatal prove.

XXVII.

O'er a fair fountain's smiling side
Reclin'd a dim tower, clad with moss,
Where every bird was wont to bide,
That languish'd for its partner's loss:

This scene he chose, this scene assign'd
A parent's first embrace to wait,
And many a soft fear fill'd his mind,
Anxious for his fond letter's fate.

The hand that bore those lines of love,
The well-informing bracelet bore—
Ah! may they not unprosperous prove!
Ah! safely pass yon dangerous door!

* See the ancient Scottish ballad, called Gill Morrice.

XXVIII.

'She comes not;—can she then delay?
(Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear)
Whatever filial love could say,
To her I said, and call'd her *dear!*

'She comes—Oh! no—encircled round,
'Tis some rude chief, with many a spear:
My hapless tale that earl has found—
Ah me! my heart!—for her I fear.'

His tender tale that earl had read,
Or ere it reach'd his lady's eye,
His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
In rage he deems a rival nigh.

XXIX.

'Tis o'er—those locks that wav'd in gold,
That wav'd adown those cheeks so fair,
Wreath'd in the gloomy tyrant's hold,
Hang from the sever'd head in air;

That streaming head he joys to bear,
In horrid guise to Lothian's halls;
Bids his grim ruffians place it there,
Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—
'Know'st thou these—Ellen of the vale?'
The pictur'd bracelet soon she knew,
And soon her lovely cheek grew pale:

The trembling victim straight he led,
Ere yet her soul's first fear was o'er;
He pointed to the ghastly head—
She saw—and sunk, to rise no more.

ELEGIES.

THE VISIONS OF FANCY.

IN FOUR ELEGIES.

1762.

La raison sait que c'est un songe,
Mais elle en saisit les douceurs;
Elle a besoin de ces fantomes,
Presque tous les plaisirs des hommes
Ne sont que de douces erreurs. GRESSET.

ELEGY I.

Children of Fancy, whither are ye fled?
Where have ye borne those hope-enliven'd hours,
That once with myrtle garlands bound my head,
That once bestrew'd my vernal path with flowers?

In yon fair vale, where blooms the beechen grove,
Where winds the slow wave through the flowery plain,
To these fond arms you led the tyrant, Love,
With Fear and Hope and Folly in his train.

My lyre, that, left at careless distance, hung
Light on some pale branch of the osier shade,
To lays of amorous blandishment you strung,
And o'er my sleep the lulling music play'd:

'Rest, gentle youth! while on the quivering breeze
Slides to thine ear this softly-breathing strain;
Sounds that move smoother than the steps of Ease,
And pour oblivion in the ear of Pain.

'In this fair vale eternal Spring shall smile,
And Time unenvious crown each roseate hour;
Eternal joy shall every care beguile,
Breathe in each gale, and bloom in every flower.

'This silver stream, that down its crystal way
Frequent has led thy musing steps along,
Shall, still the same, in sunny mazes play,
And with its murmurs melodize thy song.

'Unfading green shall these fair groves adorn;
Those living meads immortal flowers unfold;
In rosy smiles shall rise each blushing morn,
And every evening close in clouds of gold.

'The tender loves that watch thy slumbering rest,
And round thee flowers and balmy myrtles strew,
Shall charm, through all approaching life, thy breast,
With joys for ever pure, for ever new.

'The genial power that speeds the golden dart,
Each charm of tender passion shall inspire;
With fond affection fill the mutual heart,
And feed the flame of ever-young desire.

'Come, gentle Loves! your myrtle garlands bring;
The smiling bower with cluster'd roses spread;
Come, gentle airs! with incense-dropping wing
The breathing sweets of vernal odour shed.

'Hark, as the strains of swelling music rise,
How the notes vibrate on the favouring gale!
Auspicious glories beam along the skies,
And powers unseen the happy moments hail!

'Ecstatic hours! so every distant day
Like this serene on downy wings shall move;
Rise crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,
The faithful joys of Fancy and of Love.'

ELEGY II.

And were they vain, those soothing lays ye sung?—
Children of Fancy! yes, your song was vain;
On each soft air though rapt Attention hung,
And Silence listen'd on the sleeping plain.

The strains yet vibrate on my ravish'd ear,
And still to smile the mimic beauties seem,
Though now the visionary scenes appear
Like the faint traces of a vanish'd dream.

Mirror of life! the glories thus depart
Of all that Youth and Love and Fancy frame,
When painful Anguish speeds the piercing dart,
Or Envy blasts the blooming flowers of Fame.

Nurse of wild wishes, and of fond desires,
The prophetess of Fortune, false and vain,
The scenes where Peace in Ruin's arms expires
Fallacious Hope deludes her hapless train.

Go, Siren, go—thy charms on others try;
My beaten bark at length has reach'd the shore:
Yet on the rock my dropping garments lie;
And let me perish, if I trust thee more.

Come, gentle Quiet! long-neglected maid!
O come, and lead me to thy mossy cell;
There unregarded in the peaceful shade,
With calm Repose and Silence let me dwell.

Come happier hours of sweet unanxious rest,
When all the struggling passions shall subside;
When Peace shall clasp me to her plumy breast,
And sooth my silent minutes as they glide.

But chief, thou goddess of the thoughtless eye,
Whom never cares or passions discompose,
O blest Insensibility! be nigh; [close.
And with thy soothing hand my weary eyelids

Then shall the cares of love and glory cease,
And all the fond anxieties of fame;
Alike regardless in the arms of Peace,
If these extol, or those debase a name.

In Lyttelton though all the Muses praise,
His generous praise shall then delight no more,
Nor the sweet magic of his tender lays
Shall touch the bosom which it charm'd before.

Nor then, thou Malice, with insidious guise
Of friendship, ope the unsuspecting breast;
Nor then, though Envy broach her blackening lies,
Shall these deprive me of a moment's rest.

O state to be desir'd! when hostile rage
Prevails in human more than savage haunts;
When man with man eternal war will wage,
And never yield that mercy which he wants.

When dark design invades the cheerful hour,
And draws the heart with social freedom warm,
Its cares, its wishes, and its thoughts to pour,
Smiling insidious with the hopes of harm.

Vain man, to others' failings still severe,
Yet not one foible in himself can find;
Another's faults to Folly's eye are clear,
But to her own e'en Wisdom's self is blind.

O let me still, from these low follies free,
This sordid malice, and inglorious strife,
Myself the subject of my censure be,
And teach my heart to comment on my life.

With thee, Philosophy, still let me dwell,
My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanness save;
Bring Peace, bring Quiet to my humble cell,
And bid them lay the green turf on my grave.

ELEGY III.

Bright o'er the green hills rose the morning ray,
The woodlark's song resounded on the plain;
Fair Nature felt the warm embrace of day,
And smil'd through all her animated reign.

When young Delight, of Hope and Fancy born,
His head on tufted wild thyme half-reclin'd,
Caught the gay colours of the orient morn,
And thence of life this picture vain design'd:

'O born to thoughts, to pleasures more sublime
Than beings of inferior nature prove!
To triumph in the golden hours of Time,
And feel the charms of Fancy and of Love!

'High-favour'd man! for him unfolding fair
In orient light this native landscape smiles;
For him sweet Hope disarms the hand of Care,
Exalts his pleasures, and his grief beguiles.

'Blows not a blossom on the breast of Spring,
Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
Trills not a songster of the soaring wing,
But fragrance, health, and melody succeed.

'O let me still with simple Nature live,
My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay,
Enjoy the blessings that she meant to give,
And calmly waste my inoffensive day!

'No titled name, no envy-teasing dome,
No glittering wealth my tutor'd wishes crave;
So Health and Peace be near my humble home,
A cool stream murmur, and a green tree wave.

'So may the sweet Euterpé not disdain
At Eve's chaste hour her silver lyre to bring;
The muse of pity wake her soothing strain,
And tune to sympathy the trembling string.

'Thus glide the pensive moments, o'er the vale
While floating shades of dusky night descend;
Not left untold the lover's tender tale,
Nor unenjoy'd the heart-enlarging friend.

'To love and friendship flow the social bowl!
To attic wit and elegance of mind;
To all the native beauties of the soul,
The simple charms of truth, and sense refin'd.

'Then to explore whatever ancient sage
Studious from Nature's early volume drew,
To chase sweet Fiction through her golden age,
And mark how fair the sun-flower, Science, blew.

'Haply to catch some spark of eastern fire,
Hesperian fancy, or Aonian ease;
Some melting note from Sappho's tender lyre,
Some strain that Love and Phœbus taught to please.

'When waves the grey light o'er the mountain head,
Then let me meet the morn's first beauteous ray;
Carelessly wander from my sylvan shed,
And catch the sweet breath of the rising day.

'Nor seldom, loitering as I muse along,
Mark from what flower the breeze its sweetness bore;
Or listen to the labour-soothing song
Of bees that range the thymy uplands o'er.

'Slow let me climb the mountain's airy brow!
The green height gain'd, in museful rapture lie;
Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,
Or look on Nature with a lover's eye.

'Delightful hours! O, thus for ever flow;
Led by fair Fancy round the varied year;
So shall my breast with native raptures glow,
Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.

'Firm be my heart to Nature and to Truth,
Nor vainly wander from their dictates sage:
So joy shall triumph on the brows of Youth,
So Hope shall smooth the dreary paths of age.'

ELEGY IV.

Oh! yet, ye dear, deluding visions, stay!
Fond hopes, of Innocence and Fancy born!
For you I'll cast these waking thoughts away,
For one wild dream of life's romantic morn.

Ah! no: the sunshine o'er each object spread
By flattering Hope, the flowers that blew so fair,
Like the gay gardens of Armida fled,
And vanish'd from the powerful rod of Care.

So the poor pilgrim, who in rapturous thought
Plans his dear journey to Loretto's shrine,
Seems on his way by guardian seraphs brought,
Sees aiding angels favour his design:

Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew
By those fresh founts on Eden's happy plain,
And Sharon's roses all his passage strew:
So Fancy dreams; but Fancy's dreams are vain!

Wasted and weary on the mountain's side,
His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim lies,
Or takes some ruthless robber for his guide,
And prone beneath his cruel sabre dies.

Life's morning landscape gilt with orient light,
Where Hope and Joy and Fancy hold their reign;
The grove's green wave, the blue stream sparkling bright,
The blithe hours dancing round Hyperion's wain.

In radiant colours Youth's free hand portrays,
Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye;
Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,
Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.

Hence Fancy, conquer'd by the dart of Pain,
And wandering far from her Platonic shade,
Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient reign,
Nor unrepining sees her visions fade.

Their parent banish'd, hence her children fly,
The fairy race that fill'd her festive train;
Joy tears his wreath, and Hope inverts her eye,
And Folly wonders that her dream was vain.

WRITTEN 1760.

THE eye of Nature never rests from care;
She guards her children with a parent's love;
And not a mischief reigns in earth or air,
But time destroys, or remedies remove.

In vain no ill shall haunt the walks of life,
No vice in vain the human heart deprave,
The poisonous flower, the tempest's raging strife,
From greater pain, from greater ruin save.

Lavinia, form'd with every powerful grace,
With all that lights the flame of young desire;
Pure ease of wit, and elegance of face,
A soul all fancy, and an eye all fire.

Lavinia!—Peace, my busy, fluttering breast!
Nor fear to languish in thy former pain:
At length she yields—she yields the needful rest;
And frees her lover from his galling chain.

The golden star, that leads the radiant morn,
Looks not so fair, fresh rising from the main;
But her bent eye-brow bears forbidding scorn,—
But Pride's fell furies every heartstring strain.

Lavinia, thanks to thy ungentle mind;
I now behold thee with indifferent eyes;
And Reason dares, though Love as Death be blind,
Thy gay, thy worthless being to despise.

Beauty may charm without one inward grace,
And fair proportions win the captive heart;
But let rank Pride the pleasing form debase,
And Love disgusted breaks his erring dart.

The youth that once the sculptur'd nymph admir'd,
Had look'd with scornful laughter on her charms,
If the vain form, with recent life inspir'd,
Had turn'd disdainful from his offer'd arms.

Go, thoughtless maid! of transient beauty vain,
Feed the high thought, the towering hope extend;
Still may'st thou dream of splendour in thy train,
And smile superb, while love and flattery bend.

For me, sweet peace shall sooth my troubled mind,
And easy slumbers close my weary eyes;
Since Reason dares, though Love as Death be blind,
Thy gay, thy worthless being, to despise.

WRITTEN AMONG THE

RUINS OF PONTEFRACT CASTLE.

1756.

Right sung the bard, that all-involving age
With hand impartial deals the ruthless blow;
That war, wide-wasting, with impetuous rage,
Lays the tall spire, and sky-crown'd turret low.

A pile stupendous, once of fair renown,
This mouldering mass of shapeless ruin rose,
Where nodding heights of fractur'd columns frown,
And birds obscene in ivy bowers repose:

Oft the pale matron from the threatening wall,
Suspicious, bids her heedless children fly;
Oft, as he views the meditated fall,
Full swiftly steps the frighted peasant by.

But more respectful views the' historic sage,
Musing, these awful relics of decay,
That once a refuge form'd from hostile rage,
In Henry's and in Edward's dubious day.

He pensive oft reviews the mighty dead,
That erst have trod this desolated ground;
Reflects how here unhappy Salisbury bled,
When faction aim'd the death-dispensing wound.

Rest, gentle Rivers! and ill-fated Gray!
A flower or tear oft strews your humble grave,
Whom Envy slew, to pave Ambition's way,
And whom a monarch wept in vain to save.

Ah! what avail'd the' allianee of a throne?
The pomp of titles what, or power rever'd?
Happier! to these the humble life unknown,
With virtue honour'd, and by peace endear'd.

Had thus the sons of bleeding Britain thought,
When hapless here inglorious Richard lay,
Yet many a prinee, whose blood full dearly bought
The shameful triumph of the long-fought day;

Yet many a hero, whose defeated hand
In death resign'd the well-contested field,
Had in his offspring sav'd a sinking land,
The tyrant's terror, and the nation's shield.

Ill could the Muse indignant grief forbear,
Should Memory trace her bleeding country's woes;
Ill could she count, without a bursting tear,
The' inglorious triumphs of the varied Rose!

While York with conquest and revenge elate,
Insulting, triumphs on Saint Alban's plain,
Who views, nor pities Henry's hapless fate,
Himself a captive, and his leaders slain?

Ah prince! unequal to the toils of war,
To stem ambition, Faction's rage to quell:
Happier! from these had fortune plac'd thee far,
In some lone convent, or some peaceful cell.

For what avail'd that thy victorious queen
Repair'd the ruins of that dreadful day?
That vanquish'd York, on Wakefield's purple green,
Prostrate amidst the common slaughter lay:

In vain fair Victory beam'd the gladdening eye,
And, waving oft her golden pinions, smil'd;
Full soon the flattering goddess meant to fly,
Full rightly deem'd unsteady Fortune's child.

Let Towton's field—but cease the dismal tale:
For much its horrors would the Muse appal;
In softer strains suffice it to bewail
The patriot's exile, or the hero's fall.

Thus silver Wharf,* whose crystal-sparkling urn
Reflects the brilliance of his blooming shore,
Still, melancholy-mazing seems to mourn,
But rolls, confus'd, a crimson wave no more.

* A river near the scene of battle, in which were slain 35,000 men.

TO THE REV. MR. LAMB.

Lamb ! could the muse that boasts thy forming care,
Unfold the grateful feelings of my heart,
Her hand for thee should many a wreath prepare,
And cull the choicest flowers with studious art.

For mark'd by thee was each imperfect ray
That haply wander'd o'er my infant mind ;
The dawn of genius brighten'd into day,
As thy skill open'd, as thy lore refin'd.

Each uncouth lay that falter'd from my tongue,
At eve or morn from Eden's murmurs caught ;
Whate'er I painted, and whate'er I sung,
Though rude the strain, though artless was the draught ;

You wisely prais'd, and fed the sacred fire,
That warms the breast with love and honest fame ;
You swell'd to nobler heights the infant lyre,
Rais'd the low thought, and check'd the' exuberant flame.

O could the Muse in future times obtain
One humble garland from the' Aonian tree !
With joy I'd bind thy favour'd brows again,
With joy I'd form a fairer wreath for thee.

POEMS ON HIS LADY.

TO MISS CRACROFT.

THE COMPLAINT OF HER RING-DOVE.

1759.

'Far from the smiles of blue hesperian skies,
Far from those vales where flowery pleasures dwell,
(Dear scenes of freedom, lost to these sad eyes,)
How hard to languish in this lonely cell!

'When genial gales relume the fires of love,
When laughing Spring leads round the jocund year;
Ah! view with pity, gentle maid, your dove,
From every heart-felt joy secluded here!

'To me no more the laughing Spring looks gay;
Nor annual loves relume my languid breast;
Time slowly drags the long, delightless day,
Through one dull scene of solitary rest.

'Ah! what avails, that dreaming Fancy roves
Through the wild beauties of her native reign!
Breathes in green fields, and feeds in freshening groves,
To wake to anguish in this hopeless chain?

'Though fondly sooth'd with Pity's tenderest care,
Though still by Nancy's gentle hand carest,
For the free forest and the boundless air,
The rebel, Nature, murmurs in my breast.

'Ah, let not Nature, Nancy, plead in vain!
For kindness sure should grace a form so fair:
Restore me to my native wilds again,
To the free forest and the boundless air.'

TO MISS CRACROFT.

WRAPPED ROUND A NOSEGAY OF VIOLETS.

1761.

Dear object of my late and early prayer!
Source of my joy, and solace of my care!
Whose gentle friendship such a charm can give,
As makes me wish, and tells me how to live.
To thee the Muse with grateful hand would bring
These first fair children of the doubtful Spring.
O may they, fearless of a varying sky,
Bloom on thy breast, and smile beneath thine eye!
In fairer lights their vivid blue display,
And sweeter breathe their little lives away!

TO MISS CRACROFT:

ON THE MORAL REFLECTIONS CONTAINED IN HER ANSWER TO THE ABOVE VERSES.

1761.

Sweet moralist! whose moving truths impart
At once delight and anguish to my heart:
Though human joys their short-liv'd sweets exhale,
Like the wan beauties of the wasted vale; [last,
Yet trust the Muse, fair Friendship's flower shall
When life's short sunshine, like its storms, is past;
Bloom in the fields of some ambrosial shore,
Where Time, and Death, and Sickness are no more!

AUTUMNAL ELEGY.

TO MISS CRACROFT.

1763.

While yet my poplar yields a doubtful shade,
Its last leaves trembling to the Zephyr's sigh;
On this fair plain ere every verdure fade,
Or the last smiles of golden Autumn die;

Wilt thou, my Nancy, at this pensive hour,
O'er Nature's ruin hear thy friend complain;
While his heart labours with the' inspiring power,
And from his pen spontaneous flows the strain?

Thy gentle breast shall melt with kindred sighs,
Yet haply grieving o'er a Parent's bier;
Poets are Nature's children; when she dies,
Affection mourns, and Duty drops a tear.

Why are ye silent, brethren of the grove,
Fond Philomel, thy many-chorded lyre
So sweetly tun'd to tenderness and love,
Shall love no more, or tenderness inspire?

O mix once more thy gentle lays with mine;
For well our passions, well our notes agree:
An absent love, sweet bird, may soften thine;
An absent love demands a tear from me.

Yet, ere ye slumber, songsters of the sky,
Through the long night of winter wild and drear;
O let us tune, ere Love and Fancy die,
One tender farewell to the fading year.

Farewell, ye wild hills, scatter'd o'er with spring!
Sweet solitudes, where Flora smil'd unseen:
Farewell, each breeze of balmy-burden'd wing!
The violet's blue bank, and the tall wood green!

Ye tuneful groves of Belvidere, adieu!
Kind shades that whisper o'er my Craufurd's rest!*
From courts, from senates, and from camps to you,
When Fancy leads him, no inglorious guest.

Dear shades adieu! where late the moral Muse,
Led by the dryad, Silence, oft reclin'd;
Taught Meanness to extend her little views,
And look on Nature to enlarge her mind.

Farewell, the walk along the woodland-vale!
Flower-feeding rills in murmurs drawn away!
Farewell, the sweet breath of the early gale!
And the dear glories of the closing day!

* See Enlargement of the Mind, p. 145.

The nameless charms of high poetic thought,
That Spring's green hours to fancy's children bore;
The words divine, Imagination wrote
On slumber's light leaf by the murmuring shore—

All, all adieu! From Autumn's sober power
Fly the dear dreams of Spring's delightful reign;
Gay summer strips her rosy-mantled bower,
And rude winds waste the glories of her train.

Yet Autumn yields her joys of humbler kind;
Sad o'er her golden ruins as we stray,
Sweet Melancholy soothes the musing mind,
And Nature charms, delightful in decay.

All-bounteous power, whom happy worlds adore!
With every scene some grateful change she brings;
In Winter's wild snows, Autumn's golden store,
In glowing Summers and in blooming Springs!

O most belov'd! the fairest and the best
Of all her works! may still thy lover find
Fair Nature's frankness in thy gentle breast;
Like her be various, but like her be kind.

Then when the Spring of smiling youth is o'er;
When Summer's glories yield to Autumn's sway;
When golden Autumn sinks in Winter hoar,
And life declining yields its last weak ray;

In thy lov'd arms my fainting age shall close,
On thee my fond eye bend its trembling light:
Remembrance sweet shall soothe my last repose,
And my soul bless thee in eternal night!

TO MISS CRACROFT.

1763.

When pale beneath the frowning shades of death,
No soothing voice of love, or friendship nigh,
While strong convulsion seiz'd the labouring breath,
And life suspended left each vacant eye;

Where, in that moment, fled the' immortal mind?
To what new region did the spirit stray?
Found it some bosom hospitably kind,
Some breast that took the wanderer in its way?

To thee, my Nancy, in that deathful hour,
To thy dear bosom it once more return'd;
And wrapt in Hackthorn's solitary bower,
The ruins of its former mansion mourn'd.

But, didst thou, kind and gentle as thou art,
O'er thy pale lover shed the generous tear?
From those sweet eyes did Pity's softness start,
When Fancy laid him on the lowly bier?

Didst thou to Heaven address the forceful prayer,
Fold thy fair hands, and raise the mournful eye,
Implore each power benevolent to spare,
And call down pity from the golden sky!

O born at once to bless me and to save,
Exalt my life, and dignify my lay!
Thou too shalt triumph o'er the mouldering grave,
And on thy brow shall bloom the deathless bay.

Dear shades of genius! heirs of endless fame!
That in your laureate crowns the myrtle wove,
Snatch'd from oblivion Beauty's sacred name,
And grew immortal in the arms of Love!

O may we meet you in some happier clime,
Some safer vale beneath a genial sky;
Whence all the woes that load the wing of time,
Disease and death, and fear and frailty fly!

SONNET,

IN THE MANNER OF PETRARCH.

TO MISS CRACROFT.

1765.

On thy fair morn, O hope-inspiring May!
The sweetest twins that ever Nature bore,
Where Hackthorn's vale her field-flower-garland wore,
Young Love and Fancy met the genial day:
And all as on the thyme-green bank I lay,
A nymph of gentlest mien their train before,
Came with a smile; and 'Swain, (she cried) no more
To pensive sorrow tune thy hopeless lay:
Friends of thy heart, see Love and Fancy bring
Each joy that youth's enchanted bosom warms!
Delight that rifles all the fragrant Spring!
Fair-handed Hope, that paints unfading charms!
And dove-like Faith, that waves her silver wing.—
These, Swain, are thine; for Nancy meets thy arms.'

VERSES

IN MEMORY OF HIS LADY.

WRITTEN AT SANDGATE CASTLE, 1768.

Nec tantum ingenio, quantum servire dolori.
PROPERT.

Let others boast the false and faithless pride,
No nuptial charm to know; or known, to hide;
With vain disguise from Nature's dictates part,
For the poor triumph of a vacant heart;
My verse the god of tender vows inspires,
Dwells on my soul, and wakens all her fires.

Dear, silent partner of those happy hours,
That pass'd in Hackthorn's vales, in Blagdon's bowers!
If yet thy gentle spirit wanders here,
Borne by its virtues to no nobler sphere;
If yet that pity, which, of life possest,
Fill'd thy fair eye, and lighten'd through thy breast;
If yet that tender thought, that generous care,
The gloomy power of endless night may spare;
Oh! while my soul for thee, for thee complains;
Catch her warm sighs, and kiss her bleeding strains.
Wild, wretched wish! Can prayer, with feeble breath,
Pierce the pale ear, the statued ear of death?
Let patience pray, let hope aspire to prayer!
And leave me the strong language of despair!

Hence, ye vain painters of ingenious woe,
Ye Lytteltons, ye shining Petrarchs, go!
I hate the languor of your lenient strain,
Your flowery grief, your impotence of pain.
Oh! had ye known, what I have known, to prove
The searching flame, the agonies of love!
Oh! had ye known how souls to souls impart
Their fire, or mix'd the life-drops of the heart!
Not like the stream that down the mountain side,
Tunefully mourn, and sparkle as they glide;
Not like the breeze, that sighs at evening hour
On the soft bosom of some folding flower;
Your stronger grief, in stronger accents borne,
Had sooth'd the breast with burning anguish torn;
The voice of seas, the winds that rouse the deep,
Far-sounding floods that tear the mountain's steep;
Each wild and melancholy blast that raves
Round these dim towers, and smites the beating waves—
This soothes my soul—'tis Nature's mournful breath,
'Tis Nature struggling in the arms of Death!

See, the last aid of her expiring state,
See Love, e'en Love, has lent his darts to Fate!*
Oh! when beneath his golden shafts I bled,
And vainly bound his trophies round my head;
When crown'd with flowers, he led the rosy day,
Liv'd to my eye, and drew my soul away—
Could fear, could fancy, at that tender hour,
See the dim grave demand the nuptial flower?
There, there his wreaths dejected Hymen strew'd,
And mourn'd their bloom unfaded as he view'd.

* The lady died in child-bed.

There each fair hope, each tenderness of life,
Each nameless charm of soft obliging strife,
Delight, love, fancy, pleasure, genius fled,
And the best passions of my soul lie dead;
All, all is there in cold oblivion laid,
But pale remembrance bending o'er a shade.

O come, ye softer sorrows, to my breast!
Ye lenient sighs, that slumber into rest!
Come, soothing dreams, your friendly pinions wave,
We'll bear the fresh rose to yon honour'd grave;
For once this pain, this frantic pain forego,
And feel at last the luxury of woe!

Ye holy sufferers, that in silence wait
The last sad refuge of relieving fate;
That rest at eve beneath the cypress' gloom,
And sleep familiar on your future tomb;
With you I'll waste the slow-departing day,
And wear, with you, the' uncolour'd hours away.

Oh! lead me to your cells, your lonely aisles,
Where resignation folds her arms and smiles;
Where holy Faith unwearied vigils keeps,
And guards the urn where fair Constantia* sleeps:
There, let me there, in sweet oblivion lie,
And calmly feel the tortur'd passions die.

* See Spectator, No. 164.

MONODY.

SUNG BY A REDBREAST.

The gentle pair that in these lonely shades,
Wandering, at eve or morn, I oft have seen,
Now, all in vain, I seek at eve or morn,
With drooping wing, forlorn.
Along the grove, along the daisied green,
For them I've warbled many a summer's day,
Till the light dews impearled all the plain,
And the glad shepherd shut his nightly fold;
Stories of love, and high adventures old,
Were the dear subjects of my tuneful strain.
Ah! where is now the hope of all my lays?
Now they, perchance, that heard them all are dead!
With them the meed of melody is fled,
And fled with them the listening ear of praise.
Vainly I dreamt, that when the wintry sky
Scatter'd the white flood on the wasted plain,
When not one berry, not one leaf was nigh,
To sooth keen hunger's pain,
Vainly I dreamt my songs might not be vain:
That oft within the hospitable hall
Some scatter'd fragment haply I might find,
Some friendly crumb perchance for me design'd,
When seen despairing on the neighbouring wall.
Deluded bird, those hopes are now no more!
Dull time has blasted the departing year,
And winter frowns severe,
Wrapping his wan limbs in his mantle hoar.

Yet not within the hospitable hall
The cheerful sound of human voice I hear;
No piteous eye is near
To see me drooping on the lonely wall.

MONODY.

ON HIS MOTHER.

1759.

Ah, scenes belov'd! ah, conscious shades,
That wave these parent-vales along!
Ye bowers where Fancy met the tuneful maids,
Ye mountains vocal with my doric song,
Teach your wild echoes to complain
In sighs of solemn woe, in broken sounds of pain.

For her I mourn,
Now the cold tenant of the thoughtless urn—
For her bewail these strains of woe,
For her these filial sorrows flow,
Source of my life, that led my tender years,
With all a parent's pious fears, [to grow.
That nurs'd my infant thought, and taught my mind

Careful, she mark'd each dangerous way,
Where Youth's unwary footsteps stray:
She taught the struggling passions to subside;
Where sacred truth, and reason guide,
In virtue's glorious path to seek the realms of day.

Lamented goodness! yet I see
The fond affections melting in her eye:
She bends its tearful orb on me,
And heaves the tender sigh:

As thoughtful, she the toils surveys,
That crowd in life's perplexing maze;
And for her children feels again
All, all that love can fear, and all that fear can feign.

O best of parents! let me pour
My sorrows o'er thy silent bed;
There early strew the vernal flower,
The parting tear at evening shed——
Alas! are these the only meed
Of each kind thought, each virtuous deed,
These fruitless offerings that embalm the dead?

Then, fairy-featur'd Hope, forbear——
No more thy fond illusions spread;
Thy shadowy scenes dissolv'd in air,
Thy visionary prospects fled;
With her they fled, at whose lamented shrine
Love, gratitude, and duty mingled tears,
Condemn'd each filial office to resign,
Nor hopeful more to sooth her long-declining years.

HYMNS.

TO HOPE.

1761.

Μεγη δ'αυλοθι ΕΛΠΙΣ εν α'ρρηκλοισι δομοισιν
Ενδον εμιμνε—— HES.

Sun of the soul! whose cheerful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;
Sweet Hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary steps awhile,
Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

O come with such an eye and mien,
As when by amorous shepherd seen;
While in the violet-breathing vale
He meditates his evening-tale!
Nor leave behind thy fairy-train,
Repose, Belief, and Fancy vain;
That towering on her wing sublime,
Outstrips the lazy flight of Time,
Riots on distant days with thee,
And opens all futurity.

O come! and to my pensive eye
Thy far-foreseeing tube apply,

Whose kind deception steals us o'er
The gloomy waste that lies before;
Still opening to the distant sight
The sunshine of the mountain's height;
Where scenes of fairer aspect rise,
Elysian groves, and azure skies.

Nor, gentle Hope, forget to bring
The family of Youth and Spring;
The Hours that glide in sprightly round,
The Mountain-Nymphs with wild thyme crown'd;
Delight that dwells with raptur'd eye
On stream, or flower, or field, or sky:
And foremost in thy train advance
The Loves and Joys, in jovial dance;
Nor last be Expectation seen,
That wears a wreath of ever-green.

Attended thus by Belau's streams,
Oft hast thou sooth'd my waking dreams,
When, prone beneath an osier shade,
At large my vacant limbs were laid;
To thee and Fancy all resign'd,
What visions wander'd o'er my mind!
Illusions dear, adieu! no more
Shall I your fairy-haunts explore!
For Hope withholds her golden ray,
And Fancy's colours faint away.
To Eden's shores, to Enon's groves,
Resounding once with Delia's loves,
Adieu! that name shall sound no more
O'er Enon's groves, or Eden's shore:
For Hope withholds her golden ray,
And Fancy's colours faint away.

Life's ocean slept—the liquid gale
Gently mov'd the waving sail.
Fallacious Hope! with flattering eye
You smil'd to see the streamers fly.
The thunder bursts, the mad wind raves,
From slumber wake the 'frighted waves:
You saw me, fled me thus distrest,
And tore your anchor from my breast.

Yet come, fair fugitive, again!
I love thee still, though false and vain:
Forgive me, gentle Hope, and tell
Where, far from me, you deign to dwell.—
To sooth Ambition's wild desires;
To feed the lover's eager fires;
To swell the miser's mouldy store;
To gild the dreaming chemist's ore;
Are these thy cares? or, more humane,
To loose the war-worn captive's chain,
And bring before his languid sight
The charms of liberty and light:
The tears of drooping Grief to dry;
And hold thy glass to Sorrow's eye?

Or dost thou more delight to dwell
With Silence in the hermit's cell?
To teach Devotion's flame to rise,
And wing her vespers to the skies;
To urge, with still returning care,
The holy violence of prayer;
In rapturous visions to display
The realms of everlasting day,
And snatch from Time the golden key,
That opens all Eternity?

Perchance, on some unpeopled strand,
Whose rocks the raging tide withstand,
Thy soothing smile, in deserts drear,
A lonely mariner may cheer,
Who bravely holds his feeble breath,
Attack'd by Famine, Pain, and Death.
With thee, he bears each tedious day
Along the dreary beach to stray:
Whence their wide way his toil'd eyes strain
O'er the blue bosom of the main;
And meet, where distant surges rave,
A white sail in each foaming wave.

Doom'd from each native joy to part,
Each dear connection of the heart,
You the poor exile's steps attend,
The only undeserting friend:
You wing the slow-declining year;
You dry the solitary tear;
And oft, with pious guile, restore
Those scenes he must behold no more.

O most ador'd of earth or skies!
To thee ten thousand temples rise!
By age retain'd, by youth carest,
The same dear idol of the breast;
Depriv'd of thee, the wretch were poor
That rolls in heaps of Lydian ore;
With thee the simple hind is gay,
Whose toil supports the passing day.

The rose-lip'd Loves that, round their Queen,
Dance o'er Cythera's smiling green,
Thy aid implore, thy power display,
In many a sweetly-warbled lay.

For ever in thy sacred shrine,
Their unextinguish'd torches shine;
Idalian flowers their sweets diffuse,
And myrtles shed their balmy dews.
Ah! still propitious, may'st thou deign
To sooth an anxious lover's pain!
By thee deserted, well I know,
His heart would feel no common woe.
His gentle prayer propitious hear,
And stop the frequent falling tear.

For me, fair Hope, if once again
Perchance, to smile on me you deign;
Be such your sweetly-rural air,
And such a graceful visage wear,
As when, with Truth and young Desire,
You wak'd the lord of Hagley's lyre;
And painted to her Poet's mind,
The charms of Lucy, fair and kind.

But ah! too early lost!—then go,
Vain Hope, thou harbinger of woe.
Ah! no;—that thought distracts my heart:
Indulge me, Hope, we must not part.
Direct the future as you please;
But give me, give me present ease.

Sun of the soul! whose cheerful ray
  Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;
Sweet Hope! yet further gild my way,
  Yet light my weary steps awhile,
Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

TO PLUTUS.

Great god of wealth! before whose sacred throne
Truth, honour, genius, fame, and worth lie prone;
To thy throng'd temples take one votary more:
To thee a poet never kneel'd before.

Adieu, the gods that caught my early prayer!
Wisdom that frown'd, and Knowledge fraught with care;
Friendship that every veering gale could move;
And tantalizing Hope, and faithless Love!
These, these are slaves that in thy livery shine:
For Wisdom, Friendship, Love himself is thine!

For thee I'll labour down the mine's dark way,
And leave the confines of enlivening day;
For thee Asturia's shining sands explore,
And bear the splendours of Potosi's ore;
Scale the high rock, and tempt the raging sea,
And think, and toil, and wish, and wake for thee.
Farewell, the scenes that thoughtless youth could please,
The flowery scenes of indolence and ease;
Where you the way with magic power beguile,
Bassora's deep, or Lybia's deserts smile.

Foes of thy worth, that, insolent and vain,
Deride thy maxims, and reject thy reign;
The frantic tribe of virtue shall depart,
And make no more their ravage in my heart.

Away 'The tears that pity taught to flow!'
Away that anguish for a brother's woe!
Adieu to these, and every tiresome guest,
That drain'd my fortunes, or destroy'd my rest!

Ah, good Avaro! could I thee despise!
Thee, good Avaro; provident and wise?
Plutus, forgive the bitter things I've said:
I love Avaro; poor Avaro's dead!

Yet, yet I'm thine; for Fame's unerring tongue
In thy sooth'd ear thus pours her silver song:
'Immortal Plutus! god of golden ease!
Form'd every heart, and every eye to please!
For thee Content her downy carpet spreads,
And rosy Pleasure swells her genial beds.
'Tis thine to gild the mansions of Despair,
And beam a glory round the brows of Care;
To cheat the lazy pace of sleepless hours
With marble fountains, and ambrosial bowers.'

O grant me, Plutus, scenes like those I sung,
My youthful lyre when vernal fancy strung:
For me their shade let other Studleys rear,
Though each tree's water'd with a widow's tear.

Detested god! forgive me, I adore!
Great Plutus, grant me one petition more.
Should Delia, tender, generous, fair, and free,
Leave love and truth, and sacrifice to thee;
I charge thee, Plutus, be to Delia kind,
And make her fortunes richer than her mind.
Be her's the wealth all Heaven's broad eye can view;
Grant her, good God, Don Philip and Peru.

TO HUMANITY.

Parent of Virtue! if thine ear
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

Come, ever welcome to my breast,
A tender, but a cheerful guest;
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming Sorrow dwell;
For Sorrow, long-indulg'd and slow,
Is to Humanity a foe;
And Grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears sensibility away:
Then come, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend Stupidity.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe:
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart;
Ye cares, O harden not my heart!

If the fair star of fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile;

Nor, borne along the favouring tide,
My full sails swell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still it was but lent:
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp an idle train,
While Want unpitied pines in vain.

If Heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through Poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

Howe'er exalted, or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull Peace, that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attending Vanity.
Alike, the foolish and the vain
Are strangers to the sense humane.

O, for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid;

Or, rais'd to Heaven, implor'd the bread
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or when the heart o'er Friendship's grave
Sigh'd,—and forgot its power to save—
O, for that sympathetic glow,
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

It comes: it fills my labouring breast!
I feel my beating heart opprest.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
To Heav'n she turns in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And mingling tears, they know not why,
Lift up their little hands and cry.
O God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet Humanity.

Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part—to meet no more.
Assist them, hearts from anguish free!
Assist them, sweet Humanity.

Parent of Virtue! if thine ear
Attend not now to Sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

TO THE RISING SUN.

From the red wave rising bright,
Lift on high thy golden head;
O'er the misty mountains, spread
Thy smiling rays of orient light!
See the golden god appear;
Flies the fiend of darkness drear;
Flies, and in her gloomy train,
Sable Grief, and Care, and Pain!
See the golden god advance!
On Taurus' heights his coursers prance:
With him haste the vernal hours,
Breathing sweets, and drooping flowers.
Laughing Summer at his side,
Waves her locks in rosy pride;
And Autumn bland with aspect kind,
Bears his golden sheaf behind.
O haste, and spread the purple day
O'er all the wide ethereal way;
Nature mourns at thy delay.
God of glory, haste away!
From the red wave rising bright,
Lift on high thy golden head;
O'er the misty mountains, spread
Thy smiling rays of orient light!

A FAREWELL HYMN

TO THE

VALLEY OF IRWAN.

FAREWELL the fields of Irwan's vale,
My infant years where Fancy led;
And sooth'd me with the western gale,
Her wild dreams waving round my head,
While the blithe blackbird told his tale:
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

The primrose on the valley's side,
The green thyme on the mountain's head,
The wanton rose, the daisy pied,
The wilding's blossom blushing red;
No longer I their sweets inhale:
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

How oft, within yon vacant shade,
Has evening clos'd my careless eye:
How oft, along those banks, I've stray'd,
And watch'd the wave that wander'd by
Full long their loss shall I bewail:
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

Yet still, within yon vacant grove,
To mark the close of parting day;
Along yon flowery banks to rove,
And watch the wave that winds away;
Fair fancy sure shall never fail,
Though far from these, and Irwan's vale!

TO

THE ETERNAL PROVIDENCE.

Life of the world, Immortal Mind!
Father of all the human kind!
Whose boundless eye that knows no rest,
Intent on Nature's ample breast;
Explores the space of earth and skies,
And sees eternal incense rise;
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Though thou this transient being gave,
That shortly sinks into the grave;
Yet 'twas thy goodness, still to give
A being that can think and live;
In all thy works thy wisdom see,
And stretch its towering mind to thee!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

And still this poor contracted span,
This life, that bears the name of Man;
From thee derives its vital ray,
Eternal Source of life and day!
Thy bounty still the sunshine pours,
That gilds its morn and evening hours:
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Through Error's make, through Folly's night,
The lamp of Reason lends me light.

When stern affliction waves her rod,
My heart confides in thee, my God!
When Nature shrinks, oppress'd with woes,
E'en then she finds in thee repose:
To thee my humble voice I raise:
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Affliction flies, and Hope returns;
Her lamp with brighter splendour burns;
Gay Love, with all his smiling train,
And Peace and Joy are here again.
These, these I know, 'twas thine to give;
I trusted; and, behold, I live!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

O may I still thy favour prove!
Still grant me gratitude and love:
Let truth and virtue guide my heart;
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart:
But yet, whate'er my life may be,
My heart shall still repose on thee!
To thee my humble voice I raise!
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

SELECT POEMS

OF

CHRISTOPHER SMART:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE LIFE

OF

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

CHRISTOPHER SMART was born at Shipbourne, in Kent, April 11th, 1722. His father was possessed of about three hundred pounds a year in that neighbourhood, and was originally intended for holy orders. Why he did not enter into holy orders, or what occupation he pursued, we are not told, except that at one time he had acted as steward to the Kentish estates of lord Bernard, afterwards earl of Darlington. When Smart was at school, his father died, and so much in debt, that his widow was obliged to sell the family estate at a considerable loss. As he had, however, received a liberal education, he is said to have communicated to his son a taste for literature, and probably that turn for pious reflection, which appears in many of his poetical pieces. Smart was born earlier than the usual period of gestation, and to this circumstance his biographer ascribes that delicacy of constitution which rendered him unequal to the indulgencies of men of vigour and gaiety. His taste for poetry is said to have appeared when he was only four years old, in an extempore effusion that indicated a relish for verse and an ear for numbers: but unfortunately for this story, the extempore effusion has neither been preserved nor authenticat-

ed. He was educated at Maidstone, until he was eleven years old, at which time his father died, and his mother was induced to send him to Durham, where he might enjoy the advantages of a good school, change of air, and what, in her circumstances, became desirable, the notice and protection of his father's relations. Young Smart was very cordially received at Raby castle by lord Barnard, and in this family obtained the friendship of the honourable Mrs. Hope, and the more substantial patronage of the duchess of Cleveland, who allowed him forty pounds a year until her death, in 1742. His gratitude to these personages is amply testified by his Ode to lord Barnard, whom he particularly acknowledges as one who encouraged his youthful studies. It was probably owing to the liberality of the same family that, after he had acquired very considerable reputation at Durham school, he was sent to Cambridge in his seventeenth year, and admitted of Pembroke Hall, Oct. 30, 1739.

At college he was much more distinguished for his poetical efforts and classical taste, than for an ambition to excel in the usual routine of academical studies, and he soon became a general favourite with such of his contemporaries as were men of gaiety and vivacity. A convivial disposition led him, at the same time, to associate rather too frequently with men who were of superior fortune, while pride kept him from avowing his inability to support their expenses. His only dependence was what he derived from his college, and the allowance made to him by the duchess of Cleveland.

His imprudence involved him in difficulties from which he probably might have been soon extricated, if it had not induced an habitual neglect of pecuniary matters, which adhered to him throughout life, and a love for convivial enjoyments, which afterwards formed the chief blot in his character. In

all other respects, Smart was a man of strict principles, and of blameless conduct.

During the early part of his residence at Cambridge, he wrote the Tripos poems, a species of composition published, or at least written, every year, when the bachelors of arts have completed their degrees. It is not often that much notice is taken of these effusions; but the merit of Smart's verses was immediately and generally acknowledged. When, afterwards, by the advice of his friends, he offered himself as a candidate for an university scholarship, he is said to have translated Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's day, into Latin. But this is doubted by his biographer, on account of the length and labour of the composition. He must, however, have executed that translation about this time, as the applause it received, induced him to turn his mind to other translations from the same author, and to write to him for his advice or approbation. The following answer was immediately transmitted by Pope.

Twickenham, Nov. 18.

'SIR,

'I thank you for the favour of yours: I would not give you the trouble of translating the whole essay you mention: the two first epistles are already well done, and if you try, I could wish it were on the last, which is less abstracted, and more easily falls into poetry than common place. A few lines at the beginning and the conclusion, will be sufficient for a trial whether you yourself can like the task or not. I believe the essay on criticism will, in general, be more agreeable, both to a young writer, and to the majority of readers. What made me wish the other well done, was the want of right understanding of the subject which appears in the foreign versions, in two Italian, two French, and one German. There is one,

indeed, in Latin verse, printed at Wirtemberg, very faithful, but inelegant; and another in French prose: but in these, the spirit of poetry is as much lost, as the sense and system itself in the others. I ought to take this opportunity of acknowledging the Latin translation of my ode, which you sent me, and in which I could see little or nothing to alter, it is so exact. Believe me, Sir, equally desirous of doing you any service, and afraid of engaging you in an art so unprofitable, though so well deserving as good poetry.

I am, your most obliged,
and sincere humble servant,
A. POPE."

This correspondence, which seems to relate principally to the Essay on Man, was probably very flattering on both sides. Smart, as a young man, aiming at poetical honours, was gratified with the letters of Pope; and Pope, who was ever alive to extent of fame, was not sorry to find his works introduced on the continent in a classical form. Smart proceeded accordingly to translate the Essay on Criticism, of all Pope's writings, perhaps the most unfit for the purpose; but it brought him into some reputation with scholars, and he did not perceive that it retarded his popularity as an English poet. In 1743, he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and July 3, 1745, was elected a Fellow of Pembroke Hall. About this time he wrote a comedy, of which a few songs only remain, and a ludicrous soliloquy of the Princess Perriwinkle, preserved in the Old Woman's Magazine. The soliloquy is here extracted from his life, published in 1791.

"*Enter the Princess Perriwinkle sola, attended by fourteen maids of honour.*

"Sure such a wretch as I was never born,
By all the world deserted and forlorn:

This bitter sweet, this honey-gall to prove,
And all the oil and vinegar of love.
Pride, Love, and Reason, will not let me rest,
But make a devilish bustle in my breast.
To wed with Fitzgig, Pride, Pride, Pride denies,
Put on a Spanish padlock, Reason cries;
But tender, gentle love with every wish complies.
Pride, Love, and Reason, fight till they are cloy'd,
And each by each in mutual wounds destroy'd.
Thus when a Barber and a Collier fight,
The Barber beats the luckless Collier—white.
The dusty Collier heaves his pond'rous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the Barber—black.
In comes the Brickdust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the Collier and the Barber—red.
Black, red and white, in various clouds are toss'd,
And in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost."

In 1747, Smart took the degree of Master of Arts, and became a candidate for the Seatonian prize, which was adjudged to him for five years, four of them in succession. The subjects of his poems were—The Eternity, March 25, 1750;—The Immensity, April 20, 1751;—The Omniscience, Nov. 2, 1752;—The Power, Dec. 5, 1753; and The Goodness of the Supreme Being, Oct. 28, 1755. It is probable he might have succeeded in the year 1754, but his thoughts were for some time diverted by an important change in his situation. In 1753 he quitted college on his marriage with Miss Anna Maria Carnan, the daughter, by a former husband, of Mary, wife of the worthy Mr. John Newbery. He had been introduced to this gentleman's family by Dr. Burney, the celebrated author of the History of Music, who composed several of Smart's songs, and enriched the collection of his works published in 1791, with some original compositions not generally known to belong to our poet. Before this time Smart had occasionally visited London, and had relinquished the prospects of any regular profession. In 1751, he

published his Seatonian poem on the Immensity of the Supreme Being; and about the same time appears to have been engaged with Newbery in a general scheme of authorship. He had a ready turn for original compositions both in prose and verse, and as Newbery projected many works in the form of periodical miscellanies, must have been a useful coadjutor. During the years 1750 and 1751, he was a frequent contributor to the Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany, and carried on at the same time The Midwife, or the Old Woman's Magazine, a small periodical pamphlet, which was publishd in three-penny numbers, and was afterwards collected into three volumes 12mo. Smart and Newbery were almost the sole writers in this last work, which consists of short pieces in prose and verse, mostly of the humorous kind, and generally in a style of humour which in our more polished days would be reckoned somewhat coarse. During the publication of the Midwife, he wrote the prologue and epilogue to Othello, when acted at Drury-lane theatre by the Delaval family and their friends. Smart's pleasing manners and generally inoffensive conduct procured him the friendship of Johnson, Garrick, Dr. James, Dr. Burney, and other men of literary eminence in his day. Garrick afterwards evinced his liberality, when Smart was in distress, by giving him the profits of a free benefit at Drury-lane theatre, and, that it might be more productive, introduced, for the first time, the short drama of the Guardian, in which he appeared in a principal character. In 1752, Smart published a collection of his poems, in 4to, in an elegant and rather expensive form; and although they not only received the praise due to them, but the very flattering decision, that in point of genius he might rank with Gray and Mason, yet as this opinion was qualificd by some objections, he immediately became the implacable enemy of

reviews and reviewers. He supposed at the same time, that Dr. afterwards Sir John Hill, was the author of the criticisms on his poems, in The Monthly Review, and determined to take his revenge for this and other offences committed by Hill, by publishing a poem which had been written previously to these affairs, entitled the Hilliad. Of this book the first made its appearance accordingly in the beginning of the year 1753. The *Hilliad*, which is perhaps one of the most bitter satires ever published, would afford a very unfavourable opinion of our author's character, were it not an attack on a man who had rendered himself ridiculous and contemptible by practising, with unblushing effrontery every species of literary and medical quackery. In 1754, Smart published the Seatonian prize poem on the Power, and in 1756, that on the Goodness of the Supreme Being, and in the same year his Hymn to the Supreme Being, on recovery from a dangerous fit of illness; which illness, filled up the space between the year 1754 and part of 1756. "Though the fortune," says his biographer, "as well as the constitution of Mr. Smart required the utmost care, he was equally negligent in the management of both, and his various and repeated embarrassments acting upon an imagination uncommonly fervid, produced temporary alienations of mind, which at last were attended with paroxysms so violent and continued as to render confinement necessary. In this melancholy state, his family, for he had now two children, must have been much embarrassed in their circumstances, but for the kind friendship and assistance of Mr. Newbery. Many other of Mr. Smart's acquaintance were likewise forward in their services; and particularly Dr. Samuel Johnson, who on the first approaches of Smart's malady, wrote several papers for a periodical publication, in which that gentleman was concerned, to secure his claim to a share of the profits of it."

The publication alluded to was the Universal Visitor and Memorialist, published by Gardner, a bookseller in the Strand. Smart and Rolt, much inferior writers, are said to have entered into an engagement to write for this magazine, and for no other work whatever; for this they were to have a third of the profits, and the contract was to be binding for *ninety-nine years*. In Boswell's life of Johnson, we find this contract discussed with more gravity than it seems to deserve. It was probably a contrivance of Gardiner's to secure the services of two irregular men for a certain period. Johnson, however, wrote a few papers for our poet; "not then," he added, "knowing the terms on which Smart was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing him good. I hoped his wits would soon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in the Universal Visitor no longer." The publication ceased in about two years after its commencement. Smart's madness, according to Dr. Johnson's account, discovered itself chiefly in unnecessary deviations from the usual modes of the world, in things that are not improper in themselves. He would fall upon his knees and say his prayers in the street, or in any unusual place, and insisted on people praying with him. His habits were also remarkably slovenly: but he had not often symptoms of dangerous lunacy, and the principal reason of his confinement was to give his constitution a chance of recovering from the effects of intemperance.

After his release, when his mind seemed to be in some measure restored, he took a pleasant lodging in the neighbourhood of St. James's Park, and conducted his affairs for a certain time with prudence. He was maintained partly by his literary occupations, and partly by the generosity of his friends, receiving, among other benefactions, fifty pounds a year from the Treasury, but by whose in-

terest his biographer was not able to discover. In 1757, he published a prose translation of the works of Horace. In what manner he lived for some time after this we are not told. It was in 1759, that Garrick gave him the profits of a benefit, before mentioned, when it appears, that he was again involved in pecuniary distresses. In 1763, he published a song to David, in which there are some passages of more majestic animation than in any of his former pieces, and others, in which the expression is mean, and the sentiment unworthy of the poet or the subject. These inequalities will not, however, surprise the reader, when he is told that this piece was composed by him during his confinement, when he was debarred the use of pen, ink, and paper, and was obliged to indent his lines with the end of a key, upon the wainscot. This poem was not admitted into the edition of his works published in 1791, but the grandeur and originality of the following thoughts will apologize for introducing in this place the only part of it we have been able to recover, and for which we are indebted to the Monthly Review.

"Sublime—invention ever young,
Of vast conception, tow'ring tongue,
To God the' eternal theme;
Notes from your exaltations caught,
Unrival'd royalty of thought,
O'er meaner strains supreme
His muse, bright angel of his verse,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
For all the pangs that rage:
Blest light still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michael of his bloom,
The' Abishag of his age.
He sung of God, the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes
All period, pow'r and enterprise,
Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clustering spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove and hill:
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.
Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses; while Earth heard in dread,
And smitten to the heart,
At once, above, beneath, around,
All Nature, without voice, or sound,
Replied, "O Lord Thou Art."

In the same year he published a smaller miscellany of poems on several occasions, at the conclusion of which he complains again of the Reviewers, and betrays that irritability of self-conceit which is frequently observed to precede, and sometimes to accompany derangement of mind. In other respects these poems added little to his fame, and, except one or two, have not been reprinted. In 1764, he published Hannah, an oratorio, the music of which was composed by Worgan, and soon after, in the same year, an Ode to the Earl of Northumberland, on his being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with some other pieces. In all these his imagination, although occasionally fine, went often into wild excesses, and evinced that his mind had never recovered its sober tone. In his intervals of health and regularity, he still continued to write, and although he perhaps formed too high an opinion of his effusions, he spared no labour when employed by the booksellers, and formed, in conjunction with them, many schemes of literary industry which he did not live to accomplish. In 1765, he published a poetical translation of the Fables of Phœdrus, with the appendix of Gudrics, and an accurate original text on the opposite page. This translation appears to be executed with neatness and fidelity, but has never become popular. His translation of the Psalms, which followed, in

the same year, affords a melancholy proof of want of judgment and decay of powers. Many of his psalms scarcely rise above the level of Sternhold and Hopkins, and they had the additional disadvantage of appearing at the same time with Merrick's more correct and chaste translation.

In 1767, Smart executed a design hinted at by Dr. Hawkesworth, by republishing his Horace, with a metrical translation, in which, although we find abundance of inaccuracies, irregular rhymes, and redundancies, there are some passages conceived in the true spirit of the original. His last publication, in 1768, exhibited a more striking proof of want of judgment than any of his late performances. It was entitled the Parables of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, done into familiar verse, with occasional applications for the use of younger minds. This was dedicated to Master Bonnel George Thornton, a child of three years old, and is written in that species of verse which would be tolerated only in the nursery.

In what manner he lived during these years, his biographer has not informed us: but at length he was confined for debt in the King's Bench prison, the rules of which were obtained for him by his brother-in-law Mr. Thomas Carnan. Here he died, after a short illness, occasioned by a disorder in his liver, May 13th, 1770.

In 1791, a collection of his poetical pieces was formed, to which were prefixed some memoirs of his life collected from his relations. Of these much use is made in the present sketch, but it has been found necessary to employ considerable research in supplying the want of proper dates, and other circumstances illustrative of the literary history of a man, who, with all his failings, had many amiable qualities, and certainly the genius of a real poet. Of his personal character, the following particulars yet remain to be added from the Memoirs.

His piety was exemplary and fervent; it may not be uninteresting to the reader to be told, that, Mr. Smart, in composing the religious poems, was frequently so impressed with the sentiment of devotion, as to write particular passages on his knees.

He was friendly, affectionate, and liberal to excess; so as often to give that to others, of which he was in the utmost want himself: he was also engaging in conversation, when his first shyness was worn away; which he had, in common with literary men, but in a very remarkable degree. Having undertaken to introduce his wife to lord Darlington, with whom he was well acquainted; he had no sooner mentioned her name to his lordship, than he retreated suddenly, as if stricken with a panic, from the room, and from the house, leaving her to follow, overwhelmed with confusion.

As an instance of the wit of his conversation, the following extemporary spondiac, descriptive of the three Bedels of the University, who were at that time all very fat men, is still remembered by his academical acquaintance.

Pinguia tergeminorum abdomina Bedellorum.

This line he afterwards inserted in one of his poems for the Tripos.

As a poet, Smart exhibits indubitable proofs of genius, but few of a correct taste, and appears to have seldom exercised much labour, or employed cool judgment in preparing his works for the public. Upon the whole, therefore, he is most successful in his lighter pieces, his odes, his songs, and fables. Of his odes, that on Ill Nature; the Morning, Noon, and Night pieces, particularly the last, if the epigrammatic turn at the conclusion does not disappoint the pensive reader, may be cited as productions of rich and original fancy, nor will it detract much from their praise that they sometimes remind us of Milton. His fables are entitled to higher

praise, for ease of versification and delicacy of humour; and although he may have departed from the laws which some critics have imposed on this species of composition, by giving reason to inanimate objects, it will be difficult, by any laws, to convince the reader that he ought not to be delighted with the *Tea-pot* and the *Scrubbing-brush*, the *Bag-Wig* and the *Tobacco-pipe*, or the *Brocaded-Gown* and the *Linen Rag*.

In his religious poems, written for the Seatonian prize, there is much to commend, and where we are most disposed to blame, the fault perhaps is in the expectation that such subjects can be treated with advantage. In the preface to his St. Cecilia, he allows "the choosing too high subjects has been the ruin of many a tolerable genius;" and Dr. Johnson, with majestic energy, remarks that "whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved."

The Hymn to the Supreme Being, is, in truth, a composition of great pathos and sublimity.

SELECT POEMS.

ODES.

IDLENESS.

Goddess of ease, leave Lethe's brink,
  Obsequious to the muse and me;
For once endure the pain to think,
  Oh! sweet insensibility!

Sister of peace and indolence,
  Bring, muse, bring numbers soft and slow,
Elaborately void of sense,
  And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near to some cowslip-painted mead,
  There let me doze out the dull hours,
And under me let Flora spread
  A sofa of her softest flow'rs;

Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe
  Forth from behind the neighbouring pine,
And murmurs of the stream beneath
  Still flow in unison with thine.

For thee, O Idleness! the woes
  Of life we patiently endure;
Thou art the source whence labour flows,
  We shun thee but to make thee sure.

For who'd sustain war's toil and waste,
Or the hoarse thundering of the sea,
But to be idle at the last,
And find a pleasing end in thee?

GOOD-NATURE.

Hail cherub of the highest heaven,
Of look divine, and temper even,
Celestial sweetness, exquisite of mien!
Of every virtue, every praise the queen!

Soft gracefulness, and blooming youth,
Where, grafted on the stem of truth,
That friendship reigns, no interest can divide,
And great humility looks down on pride.

Oh! curse on slander's viperous tongue,
That daily dares thy merit wrong;
Idiots usurp thy title, and thy frame,
Without or virtue, talent, taste, or name.

Is apathy, is heart of steel,
Nor ear to hear, nor sense to feel,
Life idly inoffensive, such a grace [place i
That it should steal thy name and take thy

No—thou art active—spirit all—
Swifter than lightning, at the call
Of injur'd innocence, or griev'd desert,
And large with liberality thy heart.

Thy appetites in easy tides
(As reason's luminary guides)
Soft flow—no wind can work them to a storm,
Correctly quick, dispassionately warm.

Yet if a transport thou canst feel
'Tis only for thy neighbour's weal;
Great, generous acts thy ductile passions move,
And smilingly thou weep'st with joy and love.

Mild is thy mind to cover shame,
Averse to envy, slow to blame,
Bursting to praise, yet still sincere and free
From flattery's fawning tongue and bending knee.
Extensive, as from west to east,
Thy love descends from man to beast,
Nought is excluded, little or infirm,
Thou canst with greatness stoop to save a worm.

Come, goddess, come with all thy charms
(For oh! I love thee) to my arms—
All, all my actions guide, my fancy feed,
So shall existence then be life indeed.

ON ILL-NATURE.

Offspring of folly and of pride,
To all that's odious, all that's base allied;
Nurs'd up by vice, by pravity misled,
By pedant affectation taught and bred:
Away, thou hideous hell-born sprite,
Go, with thy looks of dark design,
Sullen, sour, and saturnine;
Fly to some gloomy shade, nor blot the goodly light.

Thy planet was remote when I was born;
'Twas Mercury that rul'd my natal morn,
What time the sun exerts his genial ray,
And ripens for enjoyment every growing day:
When to exist is but to love and sing,
And sprightly Aries smiles upon the spring.
There in yon lonesome heath,
Which Flora or Sylvanus never knew,
Where never vegetable drank the dew,
Or beast or fowl attempts to breathe;
Where nature's pencil has no colours laid;
But all is blank, and universal shade;
Contrast to figure, motion, life, and light,
There may'st thou vent thy spite,
For ever cursing, and for ever curs'd,
Of all the' infernal crew the worst;
The worst in genius, measure, and degree;
For envy, hatred, malice, are but parts of thee.

Or would'st thou change the scene, and quit the den
Where spleen, by vapours dense begot and bred,
Hardness of heart, and heaviness of head,
Have rais'd their darksome walls, and plac'd their thorny bed;
There may'st thou all thy bitterness unload,
There mayst thou croak in concert with the toad,
With thee the hollow howling winds shall join,
Nor shall the bittern her base throat deny,
The querulous frogs shall mix their dirge with thine,
The' ear-piercing hern, the plover screaming high,
Millions of humming gnats fit œstrum shall supply.

Away—away—behold an hideous band,
An herd of all thy minions are at hand;

Suspicion first with jealous caution stalks,
And ever looks around her as she walks,
With bibulous ear imperfect sounds to catch,
And proud to listen at her neighbour's latch.

Next, Scandal's meagre shade,
Foe to the virgins and the poet's fame,
A wither'd time-deflower'd old maid,
That ne'er enjoy'd love's ever-sacred flame.
Hypocrisy succeeds with saint-like look,
And elevates her hands, and plods upon her book.
Next comes illiberal scrambling Avarice,
Then vanity and affectation nice—
See, she salutes her shadow with a bow,
As in short Gallic trips she minces by,
Starting antipathy is in her eye,
And squeamishly she knits her scornful brow.
To thee, Ill-Nature, all the numerous group
With lowly reverence stoop—
They wait thy call, and mourn thy long delay,
Away—thou art infectious—haste away!

TO THE

REV. AND LEARNED DR. WEBSTER,

(OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON ANGER AND FORGIVENESS.)

'Twas when the' omniscient creative pow'r
Display'd his wonders by a mortal's hand,
And delegated, at the' appointed hour,
Great Moses led away his chosen band;

When Israel's host, with all their stores,
Past through the ruby-tinctur'd crystal shores,
The wilderness of waters and of land:
Then persecution rag'd in Heaven's own cause,
Strict justice for the breach of nature's laws,
The legislator held the scythe of fate,
Where'er his legions chanc'd to stray,
Death and destruction mark'd their bloody way;
Immoderate was their rage, for mortal was their hate.

But when the King of Righteousness arose,
And on the' illumin'd east serenely smil'd,
He shone with meekest mercy on his foes,
Bright as the sun, but as the moon-beams mild;
From anger, fell revenge, and discord free,
He bade war's hellish clangor cease,
In pastoral simplicity and peace,
And show'd to man that face, which Moses could not see.

Well hast thou, Webster, pictur'd Christian love,
And copied our Master's fair design;
But livid envy would the light remove,
Or crowd thy portrait in a nook malign—
The muse shall hold it up to popular view—
Where the more candid and judicious few
Shall think the bright original they see,
The likeness nobly lost in the identity.

Oh, hadst thou liv'd in better days than these,
Ere to excel by all was deem'd a shame!
Alas! thou hast no modern arts to please,
And to deserve is all thy empty claim.

Else thou'dst been plac'd, by learning, and by wit,
There, where thy dignified inferiors sit—
Oh, they are in their generations wise;
Each path of interest they have sagely trod—
To live—to thrive—to rise—and still to rise—
Better to bow to men, than kneel to God.

Behold, where poor unmansion'd Merit stands,
All cold and cramp'd with penury and pain;
Speechless, through want, she rears the' imploring hands,
And begs a little bread, but begs in vain;
While Bribery and Dulness, passing by,
Bid her, in sounds barbarian, starve and die:—
"Away (they cry), we never saw thy name
Or in preferment's list, or that of fame;
Away—not here the fate thou earn'st bewail,
Who can'st not buy a vote, nor hast a soul for sale."

Oh, indignation! wherefore wert thou given,
If drowsy patience deaden all thy rage?—
Yet we must bear—such is the will of Heaven:
And, Webster, so prescribes thy candid page.
Then let us hear thee preach, seraphic love,
Guide our disgusted thoughts to things above;
So our free souls, fed with divine repast,
(Unmindful of low mortals' mean employ)
Shall taste the present, recollect the past,
And strongly hope for every future joy.

A MORNING-PIECE;

OR, A HYMN FOR THE HAY-MAKERS.

"Quinetiam Gallum noctem explaudentibus alis
Aurorum clara consuetum voce vocare."

LUCRET.

Brisk Chanticleer his matins had begun,
And broke the silence of the night,
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light;
Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms run.
Strong labour got up—with his pipe in his mouth,
He stoutly strode over the dale;
He lent new perfumes to the breath of the south;
On his back hung his wallet and flail,
Behind him came health from her cottage of thatch,
Where never physician had lifted the latch.
First of the village Colin was awake,
And thus he sung, reclining on his rake:
"Now the rural graces three
Dance beneath yon maple-tree;
First the vestal virtue, known
By her adamantine zone;
Next to her, in rosy pride,
Sweet society the bride;
Last honesty, full seemly dress'd
In her cleanly homespun vest.

The abbey-bells in wakening rounds
The warning peal has given;
And pious gratitude resounds
Her morning hymn to Heaven.
All nature wakes, the birds unlock their throats,
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes:
All alive o'er the lawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambkins play,
Sylvia and Sol arise—and all is day—
Come, my mates, let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the sun shines our hay-cocks to make;
So fine is the day,
And so fragrant the hay,
That the meadow's as blithe as the wake:
Our voices let's raise
In Phœbus's praise,
Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
Our musical words
Shall be join'd by the birds,
And we'll dance to the tune of the stream.

A NOON-PIECE.

OR, THE MOWERS AT DINNER.

"Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido,
Rivumque fessus quærit, et horridi
Dumeta Silvani; caretque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis." HOR.

The sun is now radiant to behold,
And vehement he sheds his liquid rays of gold;
No cloud appears through all the wide expanse;
And short, but yet distinct and clear;
To the wanton whistling air;
The mimic shadows dance.
Fat mirth and gallantry the gay,
And romping ecstacy 'gin play.
Now myriads of young Cupids rise,
And open all their joy-bright eyes,
Filling with infant prate the grove,
And lisp in sweetly-faltering love.
In the middle of the ring,
Mad with May, and wild of wing,
Fire-ey'd wantonness shall sing.
By the rivulet on the rushes,
Beneath a canopy of bushes,
Where the ever faithful Tray
Guards the dumplins and the whey,
Colin Clout and Yorkshire Will,
From the leathern bottle swill.

Their scythes upon the adverse bank
Glitter amongst the' entangled trees,
Where the hazles form a rank,
And curt'sy to the courting breeze.
Ah, Harriet, sovereign mistress of my heart,
Could I thee to these meads decoy,
New grace to each fair object should impart
And heighten every scene to perfect joy.
On a bank of fragrant thyme,
Beneath yon stately shadowy pine,
We'll with the well-disguised hook
Cheat the tenants of the brook;
Or where my Daphne's thickest shade
Drives amorous Phœbus from the glade,
There read Sidney's high-wrought stories
Of ladies' charms, and heroes' glories;
Thence fir'd, the sweet narration act,
And kiss the fiction into fact.
Or satiate with nature's random scenes,
Let's to the garden's regulated greens,
Where taste and elegance command
Art to lend her dædal hand;
Where Flora's flock, by nature wild,
To discipline are reconcil'd,
And laws and order cultivate,
Quite civiliz'd into a state.
From the sun and from the show'r,
Haste we to yon boxen bow'r,
Secluded from the teasing pry
Of Argus' curiosity:
There, while Phœbus' golden mien,
The gay meridian is seen.
Ere decays the lamp of light,
And lengthening shades stretch out to night—

Seize, seize the hint—each hour improve
(This is morality in love)
Lend, lend thine hand—O let me view
Thy parting breast, sweet avenue!
Then—then thy lips, the coral cell
Where all the' ambrosial kisses dwell!
Thus we'll each sultry noon employ
In day-dreams of ecstatic joy.

A NIGHT-PIECE;

OR, MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

"Dicetur, merita nox quoque nœnia." HOR.

'Twas when bright Cynthia with her silver car,
Soft stealing from Endymion's bed,
Had call'd forth every glittering star,
And up the' ascent of heaven her brilliant host
Night, with all her negro train, [had led,
Took possession of the plain;
In an hearse she rode reclin'd,
Drawn by screech-owls slow and blind:
Close to her, with printless feet,
Crept Stillness, in a winding-sheet.
Next to her deep Silence was seen,
Treading on tiptoes over the green;
Softly, lightly, gently, she trips,
Still holding her fingers seal'd to her lips.
You could not see a sight,
You could not hear a sound,
But what confess'd the night,
And horror deepen'd round.

Beneath a myrtle's melancholy shade,
Sophron the wise was laid:
And to the answering wood these sounds convey'd.
While others toil within the town,
And to fortune's smile or frown,
Fond of trifles, fond of toys,
And married to that woman, Noise;
Sacred wisdom be my care,
And fairest virtue, wisdom's heir.
His speculations thus the sage begun,
When, lo! the neighbouring bell
In solemn sound struck one:—
He starts, and recollects, he was engag'd to Nell.
Then up he sprang, nimble and light,
And rap'd at fair Eleanor's door,
He laid aside virtue that night,
And next morn por'd in Plato for more.

HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING,

ON RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS FIT OF ILLNESS.

When Israel's* ruler on the royal bed
In anguish and in perturbation lay,
The down reliev'd not his anointed head,
And rest gave place to horror and dismay;
Fast flow'd the tears, high heav'd each gasping sigh,
When God's own prophet thunder'd—"Monarch, thou must die."

* Hezekiah vi. Isaiah xxxviii.

" And must I go, (the' illustrious mourner cried)
I who have serv'd thee still in faith and truth,
Whose snow-white conscience no foul crime has dy'd
From youth to manhood, infancy to youth;
Like David, who have still rever'd thy word,
The sovereign of myself, and servant of the Lord?"

The Judge Almighty heard his suppliant's moan,
Repeal'd his sentence, and his health restor'd;
The beams of mercy on his temples shone,
Shot from that heaven to which his sighs had soar'd;
The sun* retreated at his Maker's nod,
And miracles confirm the genuine work of God.

But, O immortals! what had I to plead
When death stood o'er me with his threatening lance,
When reason left me in the time of need,
And sense was left in terror or in trance;
My sinking soul was with my blood inflam'd,
And the celestial image sunk, defac'd, and maim'd.

I sent back memory in heedful guise
To search the records of preceding years;
Home, like the raven to the ark,† she flies,
Croaking bad tidings to my trembling ears:
O sun, again that thy retreat was made,
And threw my follies back into the friendly shade!

But who are they that bid affliction cease?—
Redemption and forgiveness, heavenly sounds!
Behold the dove that brings the branch of peace,
Behold the balm that heals the gaping wounds—

* Isaiah, chap. xxxviii. † Gen. viii. 7.

Vengeance divine's by penitence suppress'd—
She* struggles with the angel; conquers, and is
bless'd.

Yet hold, presumption, nor too fondly climb,
And thou too hold, O horrible despair!
In man humility's alone sublime,
Who diffidently hopes, he's Christ's own care—
O all-sufficient Lamb! in death's dread hour
Thy merits who shall slight, or who can doubt thy
power?

But soul-rejoicing health again returns,
The blood meanders gently in each vein,
The lamp of life renew'd with vigour burns,
And exil'd reason takes her seat again—
Brisk leaps the heart, the mind's at large once more,
To love, to praise, to bless, to wonder, and adore!

The virtuous partner of my nuptial bands
Appear'd a widow to my frantic sight;
My little prattlers, lifting up their hands,
Beckon me back to them, to life and light;
I come, ye spotless sweets! I come again,
Nor have your tears been shed, nor have ye knelt
in vain.

All glory to the' Eternal, to the' Immense,
All glory to the' Omniscient and Good, [tense;
Whose power's uncircumscrib'd, whose love's in-
But yet whose justice ne'er could be withstood.

* Gen. xxxii. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.

Except through him—through him, who stands alone,
Of worth, of weight, allow'd for all mankind to' [atone!

He rais'd the lame, the lepers he made whole,
He fix'd the palsied nerves of weak decay,
He drove out Satan from the tortur'd soul,
And to the blind gave or restor'd the day—
Nay more—far more unequall'd pangs sustain'd,
Till his lost fallen flocks his taintless blood regain'd.

My feeble feet refus'd my body's weight,
Nor would my eyes admit the glorious light,
My nerves convuls'd, shook, fearful of their fate,
My mind lay open to the powers of night.
He, pitying, did a second birth bestow,
A birth of joy—not like the first of tears and woe.

Ye strengthen'd feet, forth to his altar move;
Quicken, ye new-strung nerves, the' enraptur'd lyre;
Ye heaven-directed eyes, o'erflow with love;
Glow, glow, my soul, with pure seraphic fire;
Deeds, thoughts, and words, no more his mandates break,
But to his endless glory work, conceive, and speak.

O! penitence, to virtue near allied,
Thou canst new joys e'en to the bless'd impart:
The listening angels lay their harps aside,
To hear the music of thy contrite heart;
And heaven itself wears a more radiant face,
When charity presents thee to the throne of grace.

Chief of metallic forms is regal gold;
Of elements, the limpid fount that flows;
Give me, 'mongst gems the brilliant to behold;
O'er Flora's flock imperial is the rose:
Above all birds the sovereign eagle soars;
And monarch of the field the lordly lion roars.

What can with great leviathan compare,
Who takes his pastime in the mighty main?
What, like the sun, shines through the realms of air,
And gilds and glorifies the' ethereal plain—
Yet what are these to man, who bears the sway?
For all was made for him—to serve and to obey.

Thus in high heaven charity is great,
Faith, hope, devotion, hold a lower place;
On her the cherubs and the seraphs wait,
Her, every virtue courts, and every grace;
See! on the right, close by the' Almighty's throne!
In him she shines confess'd, who came to make her known.

Deep-rooted in my heart then let her grow
That for the past the future may atone;
That I may act what thou hast given to know,
That I may live for thee and thee alone,
And justify those sweetest words from heaven,
"That he shall love thee most* to whom thou'st most forgiven."

* Luke vii. 41, 42, 43.

ON THE

ETERNITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

Hail, wondrous Being, who in power supreme
Exists from everlasting, whose great name
Deep in the human heart, and every atom,
The air, the earth, or azure main contains,
In undecipher'd characters is wrote—
Incomprehensible !—O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or what can thoughts(though wild of wing they rove
Through the vast concave of the' ethereal round)
If to the heaven of heavens they'd win their way
Advent'rous, like the birds of night they're lost,
And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.

May then the youthful, uninspired bard
Presume to hymn the' Eternal; may he soar
Where seraph, and where cherubim on high
Resound the' unceasing plaudits, and with them
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice ?

He may, if thou, who from the witless babe
Ordainest honour, glory, strength, and praise,
Uplift the' unpinion'd muse, and deign to' assist,
Great Poet of the universe ! his song.

Before this earthly planet wound her course
Round light's perennial fountain, before light
Herself 'gan shine, and at the' inspiring word
Shot to existence in a blaze of day,
Before "the morning stars together sang,"
And hail'd thee architect of countless worlds,

Thou art—all glorious, all beneficent,
All wisdom and omnipotence thou art.
But is the æra of creation fix'd
At when these worlds began? Could ought retard
Goodness, that knows no bounds, from blessing ever,
Or keep the' immense Artificer in sloth?
Avaunt the dust-directed crawling thought,
That Puissance immeasurably vast,
And bounty inconceivable, could rest
Content, exhausted with one week of action—
No—in the' exertion of thy righteous power,
Ten thousand times more active than the sun,
Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd
Systems innumerable, matchless all,
All stamp'd with thine uncounterfeited seal.
But yet (if still to more stupendous heights
The muse unblam'd her aching sense may strain)
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The best of beings on the noblest theme
Might ruminate at leisure, scope immense
The' eternal Power and Godhead to explore,
And with itself the' omniscient mind replete.
This were enough to fill the boundless All,
This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme!
Perhaps enthron'd amidst a choicer few,
Of spirits inferior, he might greatly plan
The two prime pillars of the universe,
Creation and redemption—and a while
Pause—with the grand presentments of his glory.
Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,
All ignorance, and self-plum'd vanity—
O thou, whose ways to wonder at's distrust,
Whom to describe's presumption (all we can—
And all we may—) be glorified, be prais'd!

A day shall come when all this earth shall perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos: it shall come
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage
To make perdition triumph; it shall come,
When the capacious atmosphere above,
Shall in sulphureous thunders groan and die,
And vanish into void; the earth beneath
Shall fever to the centre, and devour
The enormous blaze of the destructive flames.—
Ye rocks, that mock the raving of the floods,
And proudly frown upon the' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves,
That all along the' immense Atlantic roar,
In vain ye swell; will a few drops suffice
To quench the unextinguishable fire? [cedars
Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crown'd tops the
Are lessen'd into shrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chambers of the Heaven,
And fix the earth continual; Athos, where:
Where Teneriffe's thy stateliness to-day?
What, Etna, are thy flames to these?—No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.

Nor shall the verdant valleys then remain
Safe in their meek submission; they the debt
Of nature and of justice too must pay.
Yet I must weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andalusia; but for thee
More largely and with filial tears must weep,
O Albion, O my country! thou must join,
In vain dissever'd from the rest, must join
The terrors of the' inevitable ruin.

Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day:
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye stars,

Though million leagues, and million still remote,
Shall yet survive that day: ye must submit
Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.
But though the earth shall to the centre perish,
Nor leave behind e'en Chaos; though the air
With all the elements must pass away,
Vain as an ideot's dream; though the huge rocks,
That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales must to perdition yield;
Though the gilt sun, and silver-tressed moon
With all her bright retinue, must be lost;
Yet thou, great Father of the world, surviv'st
Eternal, as thou wert! Yet still survives
The soul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.
He comes! he comes! the awful trump I hear;
The flaming sword's intolerable blaze
I see; he comes! the' archangel from above:—
"Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
Awake incorruptible, and arise;
From east to west, from the antarctic pole
To regions hyperborean, all ye sons,
Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of Heaven
Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
Awake incorruptible, and arise!"
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the restless mind
Shall find itself at home; and, like the ark
Fix'd on the mountain-top, shall look aloft
O'er the vague passage of precarious life;
And winds, and waves, and rocks, and tempests
Enjoy the everlasting calm of Heaven: [past,
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the deathless soul
Shall justly know its nature and its rise:
'Tis then the human tongue new-tun'd shall give

Praises more worthy the eternal ear.
Yet what we can we ought; and therefore, thou,
Purge thou my heart, Omnipotent and good!
Purge thou my heart with hyssop, lest like Cain
I offer fruitless sacrifice, with gifts
Offend, and not propitiate the ador'd.
Though gratitude were bless'd with all the pow'rs
Her bursting heart could long for, though the swift,
The fiery-wing'd imagination soar'd
Beyond ambition's wish—yet all were vain
To speak him as he is, who is ineffable.
Yet still let reason through the eye of faith
View him with fearful love; let truth pronounce,
And adoration on her bended knee
With heaven-directed hands, confess his reign.
And let the' angelic, archangelic band,
With all the hosts of heaven, cherubic forms,
And forms seraphic, with their silver trumps
And golden lyres attend:—"For thou art holy,
For thou art one, the' Eternal, who alone
Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise."

ON THE

IMMENSITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

Once more I dare to rouse the sounding string,
The poet of my God! Awake my glory,
Awake my lute and harp—myself shall wake,
Soon as the stately night-exploding bird,
In lively lay, sings welcome to the dawn.
List ye! how nature with ten thousand tongues
Begins the grand thanksgiving, Hail, all hail,

Ye tenants of the forest and the field!
My fellow subjects of the' Eternal King,
I gladly join your matins, and with you
Confess his presence, and report his praise.
O thou, who or the lambkin, or the dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Prefer'st to pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of glory immense, the orphan's mite exclude.
What though the'Almighty's regal throne be rais'd
High o'er yon azure heaven's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unken'd—where east nor west,
Nor south, nor blustering north has breath to blow;
Albeit, he there with angels and with saints
Holds conference, and to his radiant host
Ev'n face to face stand visibly confess'd:
Yet know that nor in presence or in power
Shines he less perfect here; 'tis man's dim eye
That makes the obscurity. He is the same,
Alike in all his universe the same.
Whether the mind along the spangled sky
Measure her pathless walk, studious to view
Thy works of vaster fabric, where the planets
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march di-
Still faithful, still inconstant to the sun; [recting
Or where the comet through space infinite
(Though whirling worlds oppose, and globes of fire)
Darts, like a javelin, to his destin'd goal.
Or where in heaven above the Heaven of heav'ns
Burn brighter suns, and goodlier planets roll
With satellites more glorious—Thou art there!
Or whether on the ocean's boist'rous back
Thou ride triumphant, and with outstretch'd arm
Curb the wild winds, and discipline the billows,

The suppliant sailor finds thee there, his chief,
His only help—When thou rebuk'st the storm—
It ceases—and the vessel gently glides
Along the glassy level of the calm.
Oh! could I search the bosom of the sea,
Down the great depth descending; there thy works
Would also speak thy residence; and there
Would I thy servant, like the still profound,
Astonish'd into silence, muse thy praise!
Behold! behold! the' implanted garden round
Of vegetable coral, sea-flowers gay,
And shrubs, with amber, from the pearl-pav'd
Rise richly varied, where the finny race [bottom
In blithe security their gambols play:
While high above their heads leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His pastime takes with transport, proud to see
The ocean's vast dominion all his own.
Hence through the genial bowels of the earth
Easy may fancy pass; till at thy mines,
Gani, or Raolconda, she arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze
Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by sages old
Of sovereign virtue) sparkles e'en like Sirius,
And blushes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treasure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The agate and the deep-entrenched gem
Of kindred jasper—Nature in them both
Delights to play the mimic on herself;
And in their veins she oft portrays the forms
Of leaping hills, of trees erect, and streams

Now stealing softly on, now thundering down
In desperate cascade, with flowers and beasts,
And all the living landscape of the vale.
In vain thy pencil, Claudio, or Poussin,
Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay
Such skill to imitate—it is the hand
Of God himself—for God himself is there!
Hence with the' ascending springs let me advance,
Through beds of magnets, minerals, and spar,
Up to the mountain's summit, there to' indulge
The' ambition of the comprehensive eye,
That dares to call the' horizon all her own.
Behold the forest, and the' expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth shorn sod
No object interrupts unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends—Behold in regal solitude
And pastoral magnificence he stands.
So simple! and so great! the under-woods
Of meaner rank, an awful distance keep.
Yet thou art there, and God himself is there
Ev'n in the bush (though not as when to Moses
He shone in burning majesty reveal'd,)
Nathless conspicuous in the linnet's throat
Is his unbounded goodness—Thee, her Maker,
Thee, her Preserver, chaunts she in her song;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful lesson learn—no other voice
Is heard, no other sound—for in attention
Buried, ev'n babbling echo holds her peace.
Now from the plains, where the' unbounded prospect
Gives liberty her utmost scope to range,
Turn we to yon enclosures, where appears

Chequer'd variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract and still suspend
With sweet perplexity. What are yon towers,
The work of labouring man and clumsy art,
Seen with the ring-dove's nest—on that tall beech
Her pensile house the feather'd artist builds—
The rocking winds molest her not; for see,
With such due poise the wond'rous fabric's hung,
That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps
True to itself, and stedfast ev'n in storms.
Thou idiot, that assert'st there is no God,
View, and be dumb for ever—
Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio yield
The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave—
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the cherry
To blush with just vermilion—hence away—
Hence, ye profane! for God himself is here.
Vain were the' attempt, and impious, to trace
Through all his works the' Artificer divine—
And though nor shining sun, nor twinkling star,
Bedeck'd the crimson curtains of the sky;
Though neither vegetable, beast nor bird,
Were extant on the surface of this ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; though the great sea
Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker;
Yet man at home, within himself, might find
The Deity immense, and in that frame
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
See and adore his providence and power—
I see, and I adore—O God most bounteous!
O Infinite of Goodness and of Glory!

The knee that thou hast shap'd, shall bend to thee,
The tongue which thou hast tun'd shall chant thy praise,
And thy own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to thee forever.

ON THE

OMNISCIENCE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

(ADDRESSED TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.)

Arise, divine Urania, with new strains
To hymn thy God; and thou, immortal fame,
Arise and blow thy everlasting trump.
All glory to the' Omniscient, and praise,
And power and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.
Thou too, my heart, when He, and He alone,
Who all things knows, can know with love replete,
Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyself
A living sacrifice before his throne:
And may the' eternal, high mysterious tree,
That in the centre of the arched heavens
Bears the rich fruit of knowledge, with some branch
Stoop to my humble reach, and bless my toil!
When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay,
A senseless embryo, then my soul thou knew'st,
Knew'st all her future workings, every thought,

And every faint idea yet unform'd.
When up the imperceptible ascent
Of growing years, led by thy hand I rose,
Perception's gradual light that ever dawns
Insensibly to day, thou didst vouchsafe,
And teach me by that reason thou inspir'dst,
That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
Imperfect, incorrect—in thee is wondrous,
Uncircumscrib'd, unsearchably profound,
And estimable solely by itself.

What is that secret power, that guides the brutes,
Which ignorance calls instinct? 'Tis from thee,
It is the operation of thine hands,
Immediate, instantaneous; 'tis thy wisdom,
That glorious shines transparent through thy works.
Who taught the pie, or who forewarn'd the jay
To shun the deadly nightshade? though the cherry
Boasts not a glossier hue, nor does the plum
Lure with more seeming sweets the amorous eye;
Yet will not the sagacious birds, decoy'd
By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.
They know to taste is fatal, whence alarm'd
Swift on the winnowing winds they work their way.
Go to, proud reasoner, philosophic man, [No.
Hast thou such prudence, thou such knowledge?—
Full many a race has fall'n into the snare
Of meretricious looks, of pleasing surface,
And oft in desert isles the famish'd pilgrim,
By forms of fruit and luscious taste beguil'd,
Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.
For why? his wisdom on the leaden feet
Of slow experience, dully tedious, creeps,
And comes like vengeance, after long delay.

The venerable sage that nightly trims

The learned lamp, to' investigate the powers
Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,
And the dark regions of the fossil world,
Grows old in following what he ne'er shall find;
Studious in vain! till haply, at the last
He spies a mist, then shapes it into mountains,
And baseless fabric from conjecture builds.
While the domestic animal, that guards
At midnight hours his threshold, if oppress'd
By sudden sickness at his master's feet
Begs not that aid his services might claim,
But is his own physician, knows the case,
And from the' emetic herbage works his cure.
Hark from afar the feather'd matron* screams,
And all her brood alarms; the docile crew
Accept the signal one and all, expert
In the' art of nature and unlearn'd deceit:
Along the sod, in counterfeited death,
Mute, motionless they lie; full well appris'd
That the rapacious adversary's near.
But who inform'd her of the approaching danger,
Who taught the cautious mother, that the hawk
Was hatch'd her foe, and liv'd by her destruction?
Her own prophetic soul is active in her,
And more than human providence her guard.
When Philomela, ere the cold domain
Of crippled winter 'gins to' advance, prepares
Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade
Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot?
Who points her passage through the pathless void
To realms from us remote, to us unknown?
Her science is the science of her God.
Not the magnetic index to the north

* The Hen Turkey.

E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon;
She, heaven-taught voyager, that sails in air,
Courts nor coy west nor east, but instant knows
What Newton, or nought sought, or sought in vain.*
Illustrious name, irrefragable proof
Of man's vast genius, and the soaring soul!
Yet what wert thou to him, who knew his works,
Before creation form'd them, long before
He measured in the hollow of his hand
The' exulting ocean, and the highest heavens
He comprehended with a span, and weigh'd
The mighty mountains in his golden scales:
Who shone supreme; who was himself the light,
Ere yet refraction learn'd her skill to paint,
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow?
When knowledge at her father's dread command
Resign'd to Israel's king her golden key,
Oh, to have join'd the frequent auditors
In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
Great Solomon descanting on the brutes!
Oh, how sublimely glorious to apply
To God's own honour, and good will to man,
That wisdom he alone of men possess'd
In plentitude so rich, and scope so rare!
How did he rouse the pamper'd silken sons
Of bloated ease, by placing to their view
The sage industrious ant, the wisest insect,
And best economist of all the field!
Though she presumes not by the solar orb
To measure times and seasons, nor consults
Chaldean calculations, for a guide:
Yet conscious that December's on the march,
Pointing with icy hand to want and woe,

* The longitude.

She waits his dire approach, and undismay'd
Receives him as a welcome guest, prepar'd
Against the churlish winter's fiercest blow.
For when, as yet the favourable sun
Gives to the genial earth the' enlivening ray,
Not the poor suffering slave, that hourly toils
To rive the groaning earth for ill-sought gold,
Endures such trouble, such fatigue, as she;
While all her subterraneous avenues,
And storm-proof cells with management most meet,
And unexampled housewifery, she forms;
Then to the field she hies, and on her back,
Burden immense! she bears the cumbrous corn.
Then many a weary step, and many a strain,
And many a grievous groan subdued, at length
Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home.
Nor rests she here her providence, but nips
With subtle tooth the grain, lest from her garner
In mischievous fertility it steal,
And back to day-light vegetate its way.
Go to the ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
And by her wary ways reform thine own.
But if thy deaden'd sense and listless thought
More glaring evidence demand; behold,
Where yon pellucid populous hive presents
A yet uncopied model to the world!
There Machiavel in the reflecting glass
May read himself a fool. The chemist there
May with astonishment invidious view
His toils outdone by each plebeian bee,
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing
From various herbs and from discordant flow'rs
A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.
Avaunt conceit, ambition take thy flight

Back to the prince of vanity and air!
Oh 'tis a thought of energy most piercing,
Form'd to make pride grow humble; form'd to force
Its weight on the reluctant mind, and give her
A true but irksome image of herself.
Woful vicissitude! when man, fall'n man,
Who first from heaven, from gracious God himself,
Learn'd knowledge of the brutes, must know, by brutes
Instructed and reproach'd, the scale of being
By slow degrees from lowly steps ascends,
And trace omniscience upwards to its spring!
Yet murmur not, but praise—for though we stand
Of many a godlike privilege amerc'd
By Adam's dire transgression, though no more
Is Paradise our home, but o'er the portal
Hangs in terrific pomp the burning blade;
Still with ten thousand beauties blooms the earth,
With pleasures populous, and with riches crown'd:
Still is there scope for wonder and for love
Ev'n to their last exertion—showers of blessings
Far more than human virtue can deserve,
Or hope expect, or gratitude return.
Then, O ye people! O ye sons of men!
Whatever be the colour of your lives,
Whatever portion of itself his wisdom
Shall deign to allow, still patiently abide,
And praise him more and more; nor cease to chant
All glory to the Omniscient, and praise,
And power, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.

ON THE

POWER OF THE SUPREME BEING.

"TREMBLE, thou earth! (the' anointed poet said)
At God's bright presence, tremble, all ye mountains,
And all ye hillocks on the surface bound."
Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll,
The muse with transport hears ye once again
Convulse the solid continent, and shake
(Grand music of Omnipotence) the isles.
'Tis thy terrific voice; thou God of power,
'Tis thy terrific voice; all nature hears it
Awaken'd and alarm'd; she feels its force,
In every spring she feels it, every wheel,
And every movement of her vast machine.
Behold! quakes Appenine, behold! recoils
Athos, and all the hoary-headed Alps
Leap from their bases at the godlike sound.
But what is this, celestial though the note,
And proclamation of the reign supreme,
Compar'd with such as, for a mortal ear
Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?
Should ocean to his congregated waves
Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
And with the watry world down a huge rock
Fall headlong in one horrible cascade,
'Tware but the echo of the parting breeze,
When zephyr faints upon the lily's breast,
'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument,
When the last lingering undulation
Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with sounds
So mighty! so stupendous! so divine!

But not alone in the aërial vault
Does he the dread theocracy maintain;
For oft, enrag'd with his intestine thunders,
He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
And shocks the central magnet.—Cities then
Totter on their foundations, stately columns,
Magnific walls, and heaven-assaulting spires.
What though in haughty eminence erect
Stands the strong citadel, and frowns defiance
On adverse hosts, though many a bastion jut
Forth from the ramparts' elevated mound,
Vain the poor providence of human heart,
And mortal strength how vain! while underneath
Triumphs his mining vengeance in the' uproar
Of shatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
With clamour inconceivable uptorn,
And hurl'd adown the' abyss. Sulphureous pyrites
Bursting abrupt from darkness into day,
With din outrageous and destructive ire
Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
The' afflicted ear, and terrifies the eye,
And rends the heart in twain. 'Twice have we felt,
Within Augusta's walls, twice have we felt
Thy threaten'd indignation; but ev'n thou,
Incens'd Omnipotent, art gracious ever:
Thy goodness infinite but mildly warn'd us
With mercy-blended wrath: O spare us still,
Nor send more dire conviction: we confess
That thou art he, the' Almighty: we believe;
For at thy righteous power whole systems quake,
For at thy nod tremble ten thousand worlds.

Hark! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,
Which is, and is not, in a moment—hark!
On the' hurricane's tempestuous sweep he rides

Invincible, and oaks and pines and cedars
And forests are no more. For confliet dreadful!
The west encounters east, and Notus meets
In his career the Hyperborean blast.
The lordly lions shuddering seek their dens,
And fly like timorous deer; the king of birds,
Who dar'd the solar ray, is weak of wing,
And faints and falls and dies;—while he supreme
Stands stedfast in the centre of the storm.

Wherefore, ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught wombs
Of fell volcanoes, whirlwinds, hurricanes,
And boiling billows, hail! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not less manifest, is not less mighty.

Survey the magnet's sympathetic love,
That wooes the yielding needle; contemplate
The' attractive amber's power, invisible
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from the' electric sphere assaults thy frame,
Show me the hand that dealt it!—baffled here
By his omnipotence, philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And stands, with all his circling wonders round her,
Like heavy Saturn in the' ethereal space,
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

If such the operations of his power,
Which at all seasons and in every place
(Rul'd by establish'd laws and current nature)
Arrest the' attention! who? O who shall tell
His acts miraculous, when his own decrees
Repeals he, or suspends; when by the hand
Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths

Of his prophetic seers, such deeds he wrought
Before the' astonish'd sun's all-seeing eye,
That faith was scarce a virtue? Need I sing
The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous hand
Lost in the reflux of the watry walls,
That melted to their fluid state again?
Need I recount how Samson's warlike arm
With more than mortal nerves was strung, to' o'er-
Idolatrous Philistia! shall I tell [throw
How David triumph'd, and what Job sustain'd?
—But, O supreme, unutterable mercy!
O love unequall'd, mystery immense,
Which angels long to' unfold! 'tis man's redemption
That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms,
Confirms the great, the' uncontroverted claim.
When from the virgin's unpolluted womb,
Shone forth the Sun of righteousness reveal'd,
And on benighted reason pour'd the day;
"Let there be peace," he said; and all was calm
Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea,
When peace: "Be still, ye boisterous winds," he
cried;
And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taste
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he rise
Victorious o'er the universal foe,
And death, and sin, and hell, in triumph lead.
His by the right of conquest is mankind,
And in sweet servitude and golden bonds
Were tied to him for ever.—O how easy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecstacy to bear! him, blessed Shepherd,
His flocks shall follow through the maze of life,

And shades that tend to day-spring from on high;
And as the radiant roses, ever fading,
In fuller foilage and more fragrant breath
Revive in smiling spring, so shall it fare
With those that love him—for sweet is their savour,
And all eternity shall be their spring.
Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,
At which the King of glory enters in,
Be to the saints unbarr'd: and there, where pleasure
Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from passion—there we'll celebrate
With worthier numbers, him, who is, and was,
And in immortal prowess, King of kings,
Shall be the Monarch of all worlds for ever!

ON THE

GOODNESS OF THE SUPREME BEING.

(ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF DARLINGTON.)

ORPHEUS, for so the Gentiles call'd thy name,*
Israel's sweet Psalmist, who alone could wake
The' inanimate to motion; who alone
The joyful billocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods with musical persuasion drew:
Thou who to hail and snow gav'st voice and sound,
And mad'st the mute melodious!—greater yet
Was thy divinest skill, and rul'd o'er more

* See this conjecture strongly supported by Delany, in his Life of David.

Than art or nature; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the evil angel:—in this breast
Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,
And lift me from myself, each thought impure
Banish: each low idea raise, refine,
Enlarge, and sanctify; so shall the muse
Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
Her God on earth, as he is prais'd in heaven.
Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand
Fram'd universal being, and whose eye
Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good;
Where shall the timorous bard thy praise begin,
Where end the purest sacrifice of song.
And just thanksgiving?—The thought-kindling light,
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my soul with gratitude and thee!
Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the streaky east, and blithsome rouse
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest!
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew!
Without the aid of yonder golden globe,
Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
The tulip, and auricula's spotted pride;
Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow,
O thrice illustrious! were it not for thee,
Those pansies that, reclining from the bank,
View through the' immaculate, pellucid stream,
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boast the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie

The eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
Ev'n with the baneful hemlock's irksome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams,
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praise of him, who, ere he form'd their lord,
Their voices tun'd to transport, wing'd their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive;
And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thrush,
The woodlark, and the redbreast jointly call;
He hears and feeds their feather'd families,
He feeds his sweet musicians—nor neglects
The' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide:
And though their throats coarse ruttling hurt the ear
They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man;—
But not to all—for hark! the organs blow
Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace the' harmonious choir, celestial feast
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind;
The thrilling trebles and the manly bass
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the sacred subject suit their song:
While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns
Angelically pensive, till the joy
Improves and purifies;—the solemn scene
The sun through storied panes surveys with awe,
And bashfully withholds each bolder beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub gratitude,—behold her eyes!
With love and gladness weepingly they shed
Ecstatic smiles; the incense, that her hands
Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's blossom, and her voice

Is more than voice can tell; to him she sings,
To him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made and who preserves whatever dwells
In air, in steadfast earth, or fickle sea.
O he is good, he is immensely good!
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man;
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Dispensing all his blessings for the best,
In order and in beauty:—raise, attend,
Attest, and praise, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
To him, who made the mite; though, Asia's pride,
Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
In his less striking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault, and seeks the' assisting glass.
Approach and bring from Araby the bless'd
The fragrant cassia, frankincense, and myrrh,
And meekly kneeling at the altar's foot,
Lay all the tributary incense down.
Stoop, sable Africa, with reverence stoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load
To adorn his temples, hasten with thy spear
Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
While unpursued the lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide,
Remurmur to the glorious, surly sound.
And thou, fair India, whose immense domain
To counterpoise the hemisphere extends,
Haste from the west, and with thy fruits and flow'rs,
Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow

By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn,
Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due
Of thanks and praise: come with thy brilliant crown
And vest of fur; and from thy fragrant lap
Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.
But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of grace
And Christian excellence, his goodness own.
Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise;
Clad in the armour of the living God
Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword;
Faith's shield, salvation's glory—compass'd helm
With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
Fair truth's invulnerable breastplate spread;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the song of charity begin
In strains seraphic, and melodious prayer.
"O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
Thou God of goodness and of glory, hear!
Thou, who to lowliest minds dost condescend,
Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
Adopting jealousy to prove thy love:
Thou, who resign'd humility uphold,
Ev'n as the florist props the drooping rose,
But quell tyrannic pride with peerless pow'r,
Ev'n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak.
O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
Thou God of goodness, and of glory, hear!
Bless all mankind, and bring them in the end
To heaven, to immortality, and thee!"

NEW VERSION OF PSALM CXLVIII.

HALLELUJAH! kneel and sing
Praises to the Heavenly King;
To the God supremely great,
Hallelujah in the height!

Praise him, arch-angelic band,
Ye that in his presence stand;
Praise him, ye that watch and pray,
Michael's myriads in array.

Praise him sun, at each extreme,
Orient streak and western beam;
Moon and stars of mystic dance
Silvering in the blue expanse.

Praise him, O ye heights that soar
Heaven and heaven for evermore;
And ye streams of living rill,
Higher yet and purer still.

Let them praise his glorious name,
From whose fruitful word they came,
And they first began to be
As he gave the great decree.

Their constituent parts he founds
For duration without bounds,
And their covenant has seal'd,
Which shall never be repeal'd.

Praise the Lord on earth's domains:
Praise, ye mutes, that seas contains;
They that on the surface leap,
And the dragons of the deep.

Battering hail, and fires that glow,
Streaming vapours, plumy snow;
Wind and storm, his wrath incur'd,
Wing'd and pointed at his word.

Mountains of enormous scale,
Every hill and every vale:
Fruit trees of a thousand dyes,
Cedars that perfume the skies!

Beasts that haunt the woodland maze,
Nibbling flocks and droves that graze;
Reptiles of amphibious breed,
Feather'd millions form'd for speed.

Kings, with Jesus for their guide,
Peopled regions far and wide:
Heroes of their country's cause,
Princes, judges of the laws.

Age and childhood, youth and maid,
To his name your praise be paid;
For his word is worth alone
Far above his crown and throne.

He shall dignify the crest
Of his people rais'd and bless'd;
While we serve with praise and pray'rs,
All in Christ his saints and heirs.

ODE TO LORD BARNARD,

ON HIS ACCESSION TO THAT TITLE.

"Sis licet felix ubicunque mavis
Et memor nostri." HOR.

Melpomene, who charm'st the skies,
Queen of the lyre and lute;
Say, shall my noble patron rise,
And thou, sweet muse, be mute?
Shall fame, to celebrate his praise,
Her loudest, loftiest accents raise,
And all her silver trumps employ,
And thou restrain thy tuneful hand,
And thou an idle listener stand
Amidst the general joy?

Forbid it all ye powers above,
That human arts can try;
Forbid it, gratitude and love,
And every tender tie:
Was it not he, whose pious cares
Upheld me in my earliest years,
And cheer'd me from his ample store,
Who animated my designs,
In Roman and Athenian mines,
To search for learning's ore?

The royal hand, my lord, shall raise
To nobler heights thy name,
Who praises thee, shall meet with praise
Ennobled in thy fame.

A disposition form'd to please,
With dignity endear'd by ease,
And grandeur in good-nature lost,
Have more of genuine desert,
Have more the merit of the heart,
Than arts and arms can boast.

Can I forget fair Raby's* towers,
How awful and how great!
Can I forget such blissful bowers,
Such splendour in retreat!
Where me, ev'n me, an infant bard,
Cleveland† and Hope‡ indulgent heard:
(Then, fame, I felt thy first alarms)
Ah, much lov'd pair!—though one is fled,
Still one compensates for the dead,
In merit and in charms.

O more than compensation, sure!
O blessings on thy life!
Long may the threefold bliss endure,
In daughters, sons, and wife!
Hope, copyist of her mother's mind,
Is loveliest, liveliest of her kind,
Her soul with every virtue teems;
By none in wit or worth outdone,
With eyes, that, shining on the sun,
Defy his brightest beams.

Hark! charity's cherubic voice
Calls to her numerous poor,

* His Lordship's seat in the country of Durham.
† Her late Grace of Cleveland.
‡ The Honourable Mrs. Hope.

And bids their languid hearts rejoice,
And points to Raby's door;
With open heart, and open hands,
There Hospitality—she stands,
A nymph, whom men and gods admire:
Daughter of heavenly goodness she,
Her sister's Generosity,
And Honour is her sire.

What though, my lord, betwixt us lie
Full many an envious league,
Such vast extent of sea and sky
As ev'n the eye fatigue;
Though interposing ocean raves,
And heaves his heaven-assaulting waves,
While on the shores the billows beat,
Yet still my grateful muse is free
To tune her warmest strains to thee,
And lay them at thy feet.

Goodness is ever kindly prone
To feign what fate denies,
And others, want of worth to' atone,
Finds in herself supplies:
Thus dignity itself restrains,
By condescension's silken reins,
While you the lowly muse upraise:
When such the theme, so mean the bard,
Not to reject is to reward,
To pardon is to praise.

THE SWEETS OF EVENING.

The sweets of evening charm the mind,
Sick of the sultry day;
The body then no more confin'd,
But exercise with freedom join'd,
When Phœbus sheathes his ray.

While, all serene, the summer moon
Sends glances through the trees,
And Philomel begins her tune,
Asteria too shall help her soon
With voice of skilful ease.

A nosegay, every thing that grows,
And music, every sound,
To lull the sun to his repose;
The skies are colour'd like the rose
With lively streaks around.

Of all the changes rung by time,
None half so sweet appear
As those when thoughts themselves sublime,
And with superior natures chime
In fancy's highest sphere.

FABLES.

THE DUELLIST.

What's honour, did your lordship say?
My lord, I humbly crave a day.——
'Tis difficult, and in my mind,
Like substance, cannot be defin'd.
It deals in numerous externals,
And is a legion of infernals;
Sometimes in riot and in play,
'Tis breaking of the Sabbath-day;
When 'tis consider'd as a passion,
I deem it lust and fornication.
We pay our debts in honour's cause,
Lost in the breaking of the laws.
'Tis for some selfish impious end,
To murder the sincerest friend;
But would you alter all the clan,
Turn out an honourable man—
Why take a pistol from the shelf,
And fight a duel with yourself.—
'Twas on a time, the Lord knows when,
In Ely, or in Lincoln fen,
A frog and mouse had long disputes,
Held in the language of the brutes,
Who of a certain pool and pasture
Should be the sovereign and master:
"Sir," says the frog, (and d—n'd his blood)
"I hold that my pretension's good;

Nor can a brute of reason doubt it,
For all that you can squeak about it."
The mouse, averse to be o'erpower'd,
Gave him the lie, and call'd him coward;
Too hard for any frog's digestion,
To have his froghood call'd in question!
A bargain instantly was made,
No mouse of honour could evade,
On the next morn, as soon as light,
With desperate bullrushes to fight;
The morning came—and man to man,
The grand monomachy began;
Need I recount how each bravado
Shone in motant and in passado;
To what a height their ire they carried,
How oft they thrusted and they parried?
But as these champions kept dispensing
Finesses in the art of fencing,
A furious vulture took upon her
Quick to decide this point of honour,
And, lawyer-like, to make an end on't,
Devour'd both plaintiff and defendant.

Thus, often in our British nation
(I speak by way of application)
A lie direct to some hot youth,
The giving which perhaps was truth;
The treading on a scoundrel's toe,
Or dealing impudence a blow;
Disputes in politics and law,
About a feather and a straw:
A thousand trifles not worth naming,
In whoring, jockeying, and gaming,
Shall cause a challenge's inditing,
And set two loggerheads a fighting;

Meanwhile the father of despair,
The prince of vanity and air,
His quarry like an hawk discovering,
O'er their devoted heads hangs hovering,
Secure to get in his tuition
These volunteers for black perdition.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE AND THE MANDRAKE.

The sun had rais'd above the mead
His glorious horizontal head;
Sad Philomela left her thorn;
The lively linnets hymn'd the morn,
And nature, like a waking bride,
Her blushes spread on every side;
The cock as usual crow'd up Tray,
Who nightly with his master lay;
The faithful spaniel gave the word,
Trelooby at the signal stir'd,
And with his gun from wood to wood
The man of prey his course pursued;
The dew and herbage all around,
Like pe rls and emeralds on the ground;
The' uncultur'd flowers that rudely rise,
Where smiling freedom art defies;
The lark, in transport, towering high,
The crimson curtains of the sky,
Affected not Trelooby's mind—
For what is beauty to the blind?
The' amorous voice of sylvan love,
Form'd charming concerts in the grove;
Sweet zephyr sigh'd on Flora's breast,
And drew the blackbird from his nest;

Whistling he leapt from leaf to leaf;
But what is music to the deaf?
At length, while poring on the ground,
With monumental look profound,
A curious vegetable caught
His—something similar to thought:
Wondering, he ponder'd stooping low,
(Trelooby always lov'd a show)
And on the mandrake's vernal station,
Star'd with prodigious observation.
The' affronted mandrake, with a frown,
Address'd in rage the wealthy clown:
"Proud member of the rambling race,
That vegetate from place to place,
Pursue the leveret at large,
Nor near thy blunderbuss discharge.
Disdainful though thou look'st on me,
What art thou, or what can'st thou be?
Nature, that mark'd thee as a fool,
Gave no materials for the school.
In what consists thy work and fame?
The preservation of the game—
For what, thou avaricious elf,
But to destroy it all thyself?
To lead a life of drink and feast,
To' oppress the poor, and cheat the priest,
Or triumph in a virgin lost,
Is all the manhood thou canst boast.—
Pretty, in nature's various plan,
To see a weed that's like a man;
But 'tis a grievous thing, indeed,
To see a man so like a weed."

THE BROCADE GOWN AND LINEN RAG.

From a fine lady to her maid,
A gown descended of brocade.
French!—Yes, from Paris—that's enough,
That would give dignity to stuff.
By accident or by design,
Or from some cause I can't divine;
A linen rag (sad source of wrangling!)
On a contiguous peg was dangling,
Vilely besmear'd—for late its master
It serv'd in quality of plaister.
The gown (contemptuous beholder,)
Gave a French shrug from either shoulder,
And rustling with emotions furious,
Bespoke the rag in terms injurious:
"Unfit for tinder, lint, or fodder,
Thou thing of filth, (and what is odder)
Discarded from thy owner's back,
Dar'st thou proceed, and gold attack?
Instant away—or in this place,
Begar me give you *coup de grace.*"
To this replied the honest rag,
Who lik'd a jest, and was a wag:
"Though thy glib tongue without a halt run,
Thou shabby second-hand subaltern,
At once so ancient and so easy,
At once so gorgeous and so greasy;
I value not thy gasconading,
Nor all thy alamode parading;
But to abstain from words imperious,
And to be sober, grave, and serious,

Though, says friend Horace, 'tis no treason,
At once to giggle and to reason,
When me you lessen, friend, you dream,
For know I am not what I seem;
Soon by the mill's refining motion,
The sweetest daughter of the ocean,
Fair Medway, shall with snowy hue,
My virgin purity renew,
And give me reinform'd existence,
A good retention and subsistence.
Then shall the sons of genius join,
To make my second life divine.
O Murray! let me then dispense
Some portion of thy eloquence;
For Greek and Roman rhetoric shine
United and improv'd in thine.
The spirit-stirring sage* alarms,
And Ciceronian sweetness charms.
The' Athenian Akenside may deign
To stamp me deathless with his pen,
While flows, approv'd by all the Nine,
The' immortal soul of every line.
Collins, perhaps, his aid may lend,
Melpomene's selected friend.
Perhaps our great Augustan Gray
May grace me with a Doric lay;
With sweet, with manly words of woe,
That nervously pathetic flow,
What, Mason, may I owe to you?
Learning's first pride, and nature's too;
On thee she cast her sweetest smile,
And gave thee art's correcting file;

* Demosthenes.

That file which, with assiduous pain,
The viper envy bites in vain.—
Such glories my mean lot betide,
Hear, tawdry fool, and check thy pride—
Thou, after scouring, dyeing, turning,
(If haply thou escape a burning)
From gown to petticoat descending,
And in a beggar's mantle ending,
Shalt in a dunghill or a sty,
Midst filth and vermin, rot and die."

MADAM AND THE MAGPIE.

Ye thunders roll, ye oceans roar,
And wake the rough resounding shore;
Ye guns in smoke and flames engage,
And shake the ramparts with your rage;
Boreas distend your chops and blow;
Ring, ring, ye bonny bells of Bow;
Ye drums and rattles, rend the ears,
Like twenty thousand Southwark fairs;
Bellow ye bulls, and bawl ye bats,
Encore, encore, ye amorous cats:
In vain, poor things, ye squeak and squall,
Soft Sylvia shall out-tongue you all:
But here she comes—there's no relief,
She comes, and blessed are the deaf.

"A magpie! why you're mad, my dear,
To bring a chattering magpie here.
A prating play-thing, fit for boys—
You know I can't endure a noise—
You brought this precious present sure,
My headach and my cough to cure;

Pray hand him in, and let him stain
Each curtain, and each counterpane ;
Yes, he shall roost upon my toilet,
Or on my pillow—he can't spoil it :
He'll only make me catch my death.—
O heavens ! for a little breath !—
Thank God, I never knew resentment,
But am all patience and contentment,
Or else, you paltry knave, I should
(As any other woman would)
Wring off his neck, and down your gullet
Cram it by way of chick or pullet.—
Well, I must lock up all my rings,
My jewels, and my curious things:
My Chinese toys must go to pot ;
My dearest pinchbecks—and what not ?
For all your magpies are, like lawyers,
At once thieves, brawlers, and destroyers.
You for a wife have search'd the globe,
You've got a very female Job,
Pattern of love, and peace and unity,
Or how could you expect impunity ?
O Lord ! this nasty thing will bite,
And scratch, and clapper-claw and fight.
O monstrous wretch, thus to devise
To tear out your poor Sylvia's eyes.
You're a fine popish plot pursuing,
By presents to effect my ruin ;
And thus for good are ill retorting
To me, who brought you such a fortune ;
To me, you low-liv'd clown, to me,
Who came of such a family :
Me, who from age to age possess'd
A lion rampant on my crest ;

Me, who have fill'd your empty coffers,
Me, who'd so many better offers;
And is my merit thus regarded,
Cuckold, my virtue thus rewarded?
O 'tis past sufferance—Mary—Mary,
I faint—the citron, or the clary."

The poor man, who had bought the creature
Out of pure conjugal good-nature,
Stood at this violent attack,
Like statutes made by Roubiliac:
Though form'd beyond all skill antique,
They can't their marble silence break;
They only breathe, and think, and start,
Astonish'd at their maker's art.

Quoth Mag, "Fair Grizzle, I must grant,
Your spouse a magpie cannot want:
For troth (to give the devil his due)
He keeps a rookery in you.
Don't fear I'll tarry long, sweet lady,
Where there is din enough already!
We never should agree together,
Although we'er so much of a feather;
You're fond of peace, no man can doubt it,
Who make such wondrous noise about it,
And your tongue of immortal mould
Proclaims in thunder you're no scold.
Yes, yes, you're sovereign of the tongue,
And, like the king, can do no wrong;
Justly your spouse restrains his voice,
Nor vainly answers words with noise;
This storm, which no soul can endure,
Requires a very different cure;
For such your verjuice dispositions,
Your crabsticks are the best physicians."

THE CITIZEN AND THE RED LION OF BRENTFORD.

I LOVE my friend—but love my ease,
And claim a right myself to please;
To company however prone,
At times all men would be alone,
Free from each interruption rude,
Or what is meant by solitude.
My villa lies within the bills,
So—like a theatre it fills:
To me my kind acquaintance stray,
And Sunday proves no Sabbath-day;
Yet many a friend and near relation
Make up a glorious congregation;
They crowd by dozens and by dozens,
And bring me all their country-cousins.
Though cringing landlords on the road,
Who find for man and horse abode;
Though gilded grapes to sign-post chain'd,
Invite them to be entertain'd,
And straddling cross his kilderkin,
Though jolly Bacchus calls them in;
Nay though my landlady would trust 'em,
Pilgarlick's sure of all the custom;
And his whole house is like a fair,
Unless he only treats with air.
What! shall each pert half-witted wit,
That calls me Jack, or calls me Kit,
Prey on my time, or on my table?
No—but let's hasten to the fable.
The eve advanc'd, the sun declin'd,
Ball to the booby-hutch was join'd,

A wealthy cockney drove away,
To celebrate Saint Saturday;
Wife, daughter, pug, all crowded in,
To meet at country house their kin.
Through Brentford, to fair Twickenham's bow'rs,
The ungreas'd grumbling axle scow'rs,
To pass in rural sweets a day,
But there's a lion in the way:
The lion, a most furious elf,
Hung up to represent himself,
Redden'd with rage, and shook his mane,
And roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd again,
Wondrous, though painted on a board,
He roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd, and roar'd.
"Fool! (says the majesty of beasts)
At whose expense a legion feasts;
Foe to yourself, you those pursue
Who're eating up your cakes and you;
Walk in, walk in, so prudence votes,
And give poor Ball a feed of oats,
Look to yourself, and as for Ma'am,
Coax her to take a little dram;
Let Miss and pug with cakes be fed,
Then honest man go back to bed;
You're better, and you're cheaper there,
Where are no hangers on, to fear.
Go buy friend Newbery's new Pantheon,
And con the tale of poor Acteon,
Horn'd by Diana, and o'erpower'd,
And by the dogs he fed, devour'd.
What he receiv'd from charity,
Lewdness perhaps may give to thee;
And though your spouse my lecture scorns,
Beware his fate, beware his horns.

"Sir," says the cit, (who made a stand,
And strok'd his forehead with his hand)
"By your grim gravity and grace,
You greatly would become the mace.
This kind advice I gladly take,—
Drawer, bring the dram, and bring a cake,
With good brown beer that's brisk and humming—"
"A-coming, sir! a-coming, coming!"
The cit than took a hearty draught,
And shook his jolly sides and laugh'd.
Then to the king of beasts he bow'd,
And thus his gratitude avow'd:—
"Sir, for your sapient oration,
I owe the greatest obligation.
You stand expos'd to sun and shower;
I know Jack Ellis of the Tower;
By him you soon may gain renown,
He'll show your highness to the town;
Or, if you choose your station here,
To call forth Britons to their beer,
As painter of distinguish'd note,
He'll send his man to clean your coat."
The lion thank'd him for his proffer,
And if a vacancy should offer,
Declar'd he had too just a notion
To be averse to such promotion.
The citizen drove off with joy,
"For London—Ball—for London—hoy."
Content, to bed he went his way,
And is no bankrupt to this day.

THE HERALD AND HUSBANDMAN.

—Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus. JUV.

I WITH friend Juvenal agree,
Virtue's the true nobility;
Has of herself sufficient charms,
Although without a coat of arms.
Honestus does not know the rules
Concerning Or, and Fetz, and Gules,
Yet sets the wondering eye to gaze on
Such deeds no herald e'er could blaze on.
Tawdry achievements out of place
Do but augment a fool's disgrace;
A coward is a double jest,
Who has a lion for his crest;
And things are come to such a pass,
Two horses may support an ass;
And on a gamester or buffoon
A moral motto's a lampoon.
An honest rustic, having done
His master's work 'twixt sun and sun,
Retir'd to dress a little spot
Adjoining to his homely cot,
Where pleas'd, in miniature, he found
His landlord's culinary ground,
Some herbs that feed, and some that heal,
The winter's medicine or meal.
The sage, which in his garden seen,
No man need ever die* I ween:
The marjorum comely to behold,
With thyme, and ruddiest marigold,
And mint and pennyroyal sweet,
To deck the cottage windows meet;

* 'Cur moriatur homo, cui salvia crescit in horto?'

And balm, that yields a finer juice
Than all that China can produce;
With carrots red, and turnips white,
And leeks, Cadwallader's delight;
And all the savoury crop that vie
To please the palate and the eye.
Thus as, intent, he did survey
His plot, a herald came that way,
A man of great escutcheon'd knowledge,
And member of the motley college.
Heedless the peasant pass'd he by,
Indulging this soliloquy:
"Ye gods! what an enormous space
'Twixt man and man does nature place;
While some by deeds of honour rise,
To such a height, as far outvies
The visible diurnal sphere;
While others, like this rustic here,
Grope in the grovelling ground content,
Without or lineage or descent.
Hail, heraldry! mysterious art,
Bright patroness of all desert,
Mankind would on a level lie,
And undistinguish'd live and die;
Depriv'd of thy illustrious aid,
Such! so momentous is our trade."
"Sir, (says the clown) why sure you joke,
(And kept on digging as he spoke)
And prate not to extort conviction,
But merrily by way of fiction.
Say, do your manuscripts attest
What was old father Adam's crest?
Did he a nobler coat receive
In right of marrying Mrs. Eve?

Or had supporters, when he kiss'd her,
On dexter side, and side sinister?
Or was his motto, prithee speak,
English, French, Latin, Welch, or Greek?
Or was he not, without a lie,
Just such a nobleman as I?
Virtue, which great defects can stifle,
May beam distinction on a trifle;
And honour, with her native charms,
May beautify a coat of arms;
Realities sometimes will thrive,
E'en by appearance kept alive!
But by themselves, Gules, Or, and Fez,
Are ciphers, neither more nor less:
Keep both thy head and hands from crimes,
Be honest in the worst of times:
Health's on my countenance imprest,
And sweet content's my daily guest;
My fame alone I build on this,
And Garter King at Arms may kiss——"

THE SNAKE, THE GOOSE, AND NIGHTINGALE.

Humbly addressed to the Hissers and Catcallers attending both Houses.

When rul'd by truth and nature's ways,
When just to blame, yet fix'd to praise,
As votary of the Delphic god,
I reverence the critic's rod;
But when inflam'd with spite alone,
I hold all critics but as one;
For though they class themselves with art,
And each man takes a different part;
Yet whatsoe'er they praise and blame;
They in their motives are the same.

Forth as she waddled in the brake,
A grey goose stumbled on a snake,
And took the' occasion to abuse her,
And of rank plagiarism accuse her.
"'Twas I, (quoth she) in every vale,
First hiss'd the noisy nightingale;
And boldly cavill'd at each note
That twitter'd in the woodlark's throat:
I, who, sublime and more than mortal,
Must stop to enter at the portal,
Have ever been the first to show
My hate to every thing that's low,
While thou, mean mimic of my manner,
(Without enlisting to my banner)
Durst, in thy grovelling situation,
To counterfeit my sibilation."
The snake enrag'd replied, "Know, madam,
I date my charter down from Adam;
Nor can I, since I bear the bell,
E'er imitate where I excel.
Had any other creature dar'd
Once to aver what you've aver'd,
I might have been more fierce and fervent,
But you're a goose—and so your servant."
"Truce with your folly and your pride,
(The warbling Philomela cried)
Since no more animals we find,
In nature, of the hissing kind,
You should be friends with one another,
Nay, kind as brother is to brother.
For know, thou pattern of abuse,
Thou snake art but a crawling goose;
And thou, dull-dabbler in each lake,
Art nothing but a feather'd snake."

CARE AND GENEROSITY.

Old Care with Industry and Art
At length so well had play'd his part,
He heap'd up such an ample store,
That Avarice could not sigh for more:
Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crowded granaries groan.
In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain:
With happiness oppress'd he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, amiable, sincere, and free;
Her name was Generosity.
'Twas her's the largess to bestow
On rich and poor, on friend and foe.
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might safe abide:
For the' hungry and the thirsty crew,
The bread she broke, the drink she drew;
There Sickness laid her aching head,
And there Distress could find a bed.
Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffus'd the blessings round the land:
Her gifts and glory lasted long,
And numerous was the' accepting throng.
At length pale Penury seiz'd the dame,
And Fortune fled, and Ruin came;
She found her riches at an end,
And that she had not made one friend.

All curs'd her for not giving more,
Nor thought on what she'd done before:
She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
When, lo! to comfort her came Care,
And cried, "My dear, if you will join
Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
All will be well—you shall have store,
And I be plagu'd with wealth no more:
Though I restrain your bounteous heart,
You still shall act the generous part.
The bridal came—great was the feast,
And good the pudding and the priest.
The bride in nine moons brought him forth
A little maid of matchless worth:
Her face was mix'd of care and glee;
They christen'd her Economy;
And styl'd her fair discretion's queen,
The mistress of the golden mean.
Now Generosity confin'd,
Perfectly easy in her mind,
Still loves to give, yet knows to spare,
Nor wishes to be free from Care.

THE PIG.

In every age, and each profession,
Men err the most by prepossession;
But when the thing is clearly shown,
And fairly stated, fully known,
We soon applaud what we deride,
And penitence succeeds to pride.—
A certain baron on a day,
Having a mind to show away,

Invited all the wits and wags,
Foote, Massey, Shuter, Yates, and Skeggs,
And built a large commodious stage,
For the choice spirits of the age;
But above all, among the rest,
There came a genius, who profess'd
To have a curious trick in store,
Which never was perform'd before.
Through all the town this soon got air,
And the whole house was like a fair;
But soon his entry as he made,
Without a prompter or parade,
'Twas all expectance, all suspense,
And silence gag'd the audience.
He hid his head behind his wig,
And with such truth took off a pig,
All swore 'twas serious, and no joke;
For doubtless underneath his cloak
He had conceal'd some grunting elf,
Or was a real hog himself.
A search was made, no pig was found—
With thundering claps the seats resound,
And pit, and box, and galleries roar,
With—"O rare! bravo!" and "encore!"
Old Roger Grouse, a country clown,
Who yet knew something of the town,
Beheld the mimic and his whim,
And on the morrow challeng'd him,
Declaring to each beau and bunter,
That he'd out-grunt the' egregious grunter.
The morrow came—the crowd was greater—
But prejudice and rank ill-nature
Usurp'd the minds of men and wenches,
Who came to hiss, and break the benches.

The mimic took his usual station,
And squeak'd with general approbation.
Again, "encore! encore!" they cry—
'Twas quite the thing—'twas very high.
Old Grouse conceal'd amidst the racket,
A real pig beneath his jacket—
Then forth he came—and with his nail
He pinch'd the urchin by the tail.
The tortur'd pig from out his throat
Produc'd the genuine natural note.
All bellow'd out—'twas very sad!
Sure never stuff was half so bad!
"That like a pig!—(each cried in scoff)
Pshaw! nonsense! blockhead! off! off! off!"
The mimic was extoll'd, and Grouse
Was hiss'd, and catcall'd from the house—
"Soft ye, a word before I go,"
Quoth honest Hodge—and stooping low
Produc'd the pig, and thus aloud
Bespoke the stupid, partial crowd:
"Behold, and learn from this poor creature,
How much you critics know of nature."

END OF VOL. XXX.